



Engraved by Gilbert Pez.

Augustus von Kotzebue.

Publish'd for the German Theatre.
by W^m Daulap.



Engraved by Gilbert Pez.

Augustus von Kotzebue.

Publish'd for the German Theatre.
by W^m Daulap.



M^r HODGKINSON

in the Character of

BARON WELLINGHORST.

*Published for the German Theatre.
by W.^m Dunlap.*

4 AP 54

THE
WILD-GOOSE CHACE:
A PLAY,
IN FOUR ACTS.
WITH SONGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE. *K*

WITH NOTES MARKING THE VARIATIONS FROM THE
ORIGINAL.



NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY G. F. HOPKINS, FOR WILLIAM DUNLAP.
AND SOLD AT THE OFFICE OF THE PRINTER, NO. 84 MAIDEN-LANE;
T. AND J. SWORDS, NO. 99 PEARL-STREET; GAINE AND TEN-
BYCK, NO. 148 PEARL-STREET; JOHN BLACK, NO. 5 CEDAR-
STREET; ALEX. SOMERVILLE, NO. 114 MAIDEN-LANE;
AND MOST OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN THE U. STATES,

1800.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was the intention of the Subscriber, to have prefaced the first number of the *GERMAN THEATRE*, by some remarks relative to the undertaking; but, having accidentally met with the *Life* of the Author, who, from his unparalleled popularity, will probably occupy the largest portion of the work, he has concluded, that such an introduction as the "*Literary Life of A. Von Kotzebue*," would be much more acceptable to the public than the matter originally intended.



DUNLAP.

NEW-YORK, March 7, 1850.

THE
L I F E
OF
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

MY LITERARY LIFE.

AS an author, I have experienced both good and bad success, both in a high degree, both frequently unmerited. I flatter myself that it may be useful to young men desirous of entering upon the slippery career of literature, to read the history of a man, who has not reached the goal indeed—for how few ever do reach it!—but who has so far advanced before them in the progress towards it; one who, without ceremony, joins their circle, and relates without disguise when he fell, when he erred, and when he was deceived; where he enjoyed the assistance of the Nine, and where he mistook the ravings of a Bacchante for the inspiration of the Muse.

Come hither, then, ye inexperienced youths, who have, for the first time, dipped the tip of your tongue in the honey of Parnassus, and think it desirable because it is sweet; sit down and listen to me. You see I am in the vein; my soul is unconstrained, and my lips are opened to confess with candour when I have been deluded by vanity, and when my mind has been warmed with the feelings of the true and the beautiful.

Rise then! rise before me, ye fairy phantoms of my happy childhood! In remembrance you now scarce form a part of the being I now am! Rise and hover round me, ye gentle shades!—Gracious Providence! suffer once more those delightful hours to rise out of the ocean of the past, like a dim mist before my fancy!

Seize then the fleeting shades as they pass!—Seest thou there that boy who hangs with rapt attention on his mother's tongue, as she reads to him and his sister some winter evening

ing the interesting tale?—That boy was yourself!—Seest thou again how he makes the chair his table, and the foot-stool his chair? See how he devours the romance, while ball and playthings lie neglected in the corner!—That boy was yourself!

My honored mother—Heaven be praised she still lives, she hears my grateful acknowledgments—My good mother, when but a very young widow, denied herself many of the pleasures and enjoyments of life, to devote herself entirely to the education of her children. She possessed taste, reading, sensibility, and a rich portion of patient maternal affection. With these qualities, her efforts could not be wholly unsuccessful. She provided preceptors of different kinds, but to her own discernment and taste I owe more than to the tutors to whose care my instruction was confided.

In the evening I used to read to her in the parlour. The first book that made a lively impression on me was a Collection of Tales selected from all languages, then in great repute; the next was *Don Quixote*; *Robinson Crusoe* then engrossed my fancy, and I wished myself the possessor of some desert island.

Even in my sixth year I began to compose rude essays in verse; not long after I made my first dramatic effort. I made a comedy, which was just the length of an octavo page. I was sensible, indeed, that it ought to be much longer, in order to resemble a comedy; but who was to teach me the art of spinning out the thread, and expanding my materials?

I now come to that incident of my life, which, in its consequences, produced the greatest influence on my character, and from my tenderest childhood irrevocably destined me to be a dramatic writer. The late Abt, the player, came with his strolling company to Weimar. Since I possessed any power of thought, there had been no players in Weimar, and my curiosity was unbounded. Musæus, the amiable and excellent Musæus, who was attached to me from a child, offered to take me to the theatre.

I went with a kind of reverential awe; my expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. The piece was Klopstock's *Death of Adam*. Musæus placed me before him on a bench, that I might see over the heads of the spectators. The curtain drew up. I was all ear, all eye. Not a word, not a movement escaped me. Never had I before experienced such powerful impressions. I returned home enchanted. *Robinson Crusoe* and the desert island disappeared. The theatre now engrossed my whole soul.

My

v

My joy, therefore, was unbounded, when the Dutchess Amelia, that favorite of the Muses, established a theatre at Weimar. Several of the most celebrated performers of the time came there, and, among others, the admirable Eckhof. I never omitted any opportunity of going to the play, and I wondered that those who could do what they pleased, could prefer any other species of entertainment. As a proof of my attention, I could repeat the whole of Lessing's Emilia Galotti without ever having had the book in my hand. To the honor of the fashionable world at Weimar, I must confess indeed that Emilia Galotti was very often performed, and always to full houses.

Meanwhile I was a pupil of Musæus in the Gymnasium at Weimar. Among other things, we had every Saturday an hour dedicated to the reading of little poetical attempts. At this period the rage for ballets was at its height, and the magazines swarmed with terrific stories of chivalry and ghosts. I composed a ballet in the taste of the times. It contained abundance of murder and ghosts; a Spirit read a lecture on vice, and the sinner was at length carried away by the Devil.

I read this performance the first Saturday after it was ready; and judge my raptures when, after it was finished, Musæus pronounced those words which I shall never forget: "Well, very well! From what magazine have you taken this?" With what triumph did I reply, that it was my own composition! "Really!" answered Musæus: "Bravo! go on." Nothing could exceed my transports at this panegyric, and my poetic propensity was confirmed.

At this time of life every thing is imitation, and I am convinced that there is not a single original idea in a man's head till he is of an age to propagate his species. Every thing I now made was only an imitation of the book I had last read. I wrote a comedy called *All's Well that Ends Well*, which I believe had a strong resemblance to the Count of Olsbach. Goethe used to visit in our house; he heard of my comedy, and was so condescending, or so polite, as to ask a reading of it. By this wish he highly gratified my mother; and this probably was his object, for I never heard more of the comedy. This able man, however, in my boyish days always treated me with great kindness.

In my sixteenth year I went to Jena. At first my attention was principally directed to the acquisition of the dead and living languages, and in both these my knowledge was considerably increased. At Jena my partiality for the stage still

still continued. Before my arrival, there was a private theatre established among the students, and it was one of my first objects to be admitted into the association. As it is not customary for ladies to appear in such theatres, on account of my youth, female characters of the younger sort were often assigned to me. My propensity for rhyming likewise continued, and I produced a number of poetic trifles.

In my eighteenth year I undertook to write a Romance, which I finished. It consisted of eight or ten sheets, and, in my opinion at the time, was nothing inferior to Goethe's Werther. The story indeed was much more terrific; for my hero precipitated himself from the top of a high rock, and was dashed to pieces. This performance I sent to Weygand, then publisher of most fashionable romances at Leipzig. After waiting some time, however, I had the mortification to receive an answer from him, in which he told me that the manuscript was at my service, and desiring me to order payment of the postage of it! I never, however, enquired after it.

In the year 1779 I returned to Jena from the visit I had paid to my sister then lately married, and applied with considerable zeal to the study of jurisprudence. I likewise attended the professors of history, logic, and metaphysics, and continued to improve myself in modern languages.

I this year produced a tragedy called Charlotte Trank, which was performed at our private theatre, and I myself enacted one of the principal characters. The reception of it, however, was rather cold. Soon after I wrote a comedy, which was much better received, and, as far as I recollect, contained some tolerable comic touches. I likewise instituted a poetic club, from which I derived considerable improvement.

In my nineteenth year I returned to Weimar, and studied the Pandects with great industry; was examined by the Government, and admitted Advocate. While I waited for clients, I myself continued a zealous client of the Muses. The summer after my return, I wrote several little things, which I am not now ambitious to recall into notice. I likewise wrote some Tales, which were published with my name by Dyk, at Leipzig, with an hundred and fifty pages by some other hand. Several little dramatic pieces were likewise the produce of my partiality for the theatre.

In 1781 I went to Petersburg. For some time I represented my turn for poetic pursuits, but I again began occasionally

ally to indulge my ruling propensity. There was a German theatre at Petersburg. It was then in a very indifferent state ; but soon after it was put in the number of the royal theatres, and the direction of it given to my friend General Bawr, of the artillery, a German. I now again found myself in my element.

I wrote a tragedy in five acts, called Demetrius Czar of Moscow. By a whimsical circumstance the representation of this piece was nearly prohibited. In the history Demetrius was by many called an impostor. In my play I found it convenient to make him a hero. It turned out, however, that there was an old proclamation of Peter the Great, in which this same Demetrius was declared to be an impostor. With much difficulty, however, the piece was allowed to be performed ; after I had in a very formal manner been made to declare that I was perfectly satisfied of the imposture of Demetrius, and the justice of the proclamation, and that the freedom which I had used in my play was merely a *licentia poetica*. I likewise wrote a comedy, called The Nun and the Chambermaid, which was performed with great success. It was never published, and the copy of it was accidentally lost.

In the year 1782, some of my friends who had influence at court, proposed to procure me a place, and to facilitate their exertions I was requested to write a small volume of Tales and Fables for young Princes, to be dedicated to the young Grand Duke. Though I felt no great call for such a task, I complied ; and the volume was printed in a most superb manner by the direction of one of my friends. Finding, however, that I was not qualified for this kind of writing, I resolved, after the work had proceeded a considerable length, to repay the publisher for his expence, and to bury the four sheets which were finished in eternal oblivion.

Ye who so often and so loudly accuse me of vanity, to my Fables I appeal as the proof of your falsehood ! Their suppression cost me some hundred rubles, but my vanity not a sigh.

I now come to the period when I went to reside at Revel. Soon after this I wrote two plays, The Hermit of Formentera, and Adelaide of Wulfsingen. The former was performed at a private theatre, and my propensity for the stage revived. To this propensity the people of Revel are indebted for a theatre, which for the last ten years has had an excellent company, and can boast of performers of no common merit. It was opened with a piece of mine, called

Every

Every Fool has his Cap. The piece bore a striking resemblance to Moliere's Miser, and I have buried it among my papers.

In autumn, 1787, I was seized with a severe illness, which for several years reduced me to a state between life and death ; or, what is worse than death, a state of gloomy dejection of spirits. In the very height of this malady, I wrote *Misanthropy and Repentance**, and soon after *The Indians in England*. Both of them were finished within about eight or nine weeks. Never in my life, either before or since, did I feel such copiousness of ideas, such vigour of imagination, such fertility of diction ; and I believe it to be undeniable that there are some kinds of maladies (among which may particularly be included those which increase the irritability of the nerves) which elevate the powers of the mind to an unusual height ; just as, according to the story, a diseased muscle forms a pearl.

In the year 1790, I wrote *The Virgin of the Sun*, *The Child of Love**, and *Brother Moritz the Humourist*. I likewise proceeded in the collection of my smaller works.

Upon *Misanthropy and Repentance* many foolish things were said and written at the time. Among other things, it was objected that it was defective in poetic justice, because, by an unconditional forgiveness, I had restored the criminal to the enjoyment of all the pleasures of life. Whether any forgiveness could completely remove the cruel punishment which her crime carried with it ; whether such a woman as *Eulalia†*, with a conscience so awakened, could ever again be happy, are questions which nobody thought it worth while to ask, except Mr. Ziegler, who, however, took up the whole affair erroneously, and, by the unjustifiable freedom of calling *Eulalia's* seducer from the dead, completely changed the nature of the case. I therefore wrote the *Noble Lie†*, in which, although certainly there appears a girl fallen from virtue, a circumstance on which the impure imagination of Reviewers continues to dwell, unquestionably prevails the purest moral that ever was inculcated from the pulpit or the stage.

In 1790, I experienced one of the severest dispensations of Providence, in the death of an amiable wife. Grief for this loss drove me to Paris, and the account of this excursion

* *The Stranger*.

* *Lover's Vows*.

† Called *Adelaide*, or *Mrs. Haller*, in the play as performed here.

† Translated for the New-York theatre under the title of *The Stranger's Birth Day*.

sion I published under the title of *The Flight to Paris*. This book was likewise severely attacked by some critics.

Full of indignation against the Parisians, of whose excesses I had been an eye-witness, on my return to Mentz I wrote *The Female Jacobin Club*, a farce not without some humour. My friend Huber, however, because he happened to be of a different political creed from me, fell foul of it in the most violent manner. Nevertheless, despotism is to me as hateful as it is to him; and this I testified soon after in my *Philosophical Sketch of Louis XIV.* My publisher at Strasburgh sent me the work in manuscript, and the correspondence which I had with him on the subject, was broken open before it reached me. I complained to our minister at Frankfort on the subject, who took my side; but it was alledged at Mentz that the letters were open before they arrived there, and I never was able to learn who it really was who did me the honor to mistake me for a spy, or a red-capped Jacobin. It seems to be my fate, that while Mr. Huber and Co. exclaim against me as an advocate of despotism, the despots around consider me as a dangerous democrat, worthy of their most jealous attention. I could give signal examples of this, if a man were at liberty to tell all he could.

Once in my life I had the weakness to write a book in complaisance to another. It was the book on Nobility. I could say a great deal on this subject, but I am not at liberty to do it. If the world knew—and perhaps they may one day know—into what equivocal reputation of a certain kind I have been thrown by the opinions, which both before and since I have expressed, and which have been so egregiously misrepresented; if they knew how my most confidential private correspondence was turned against me; if they knew what inducements I had, and from whom they proceeded, they would decide upon that production upon quite different grounds; they would take into view not only the author, but the citizen and the father. I confess, however, that my inconsiderate complaisance laid me open in several points to the attacks of criticism; but for attack from those with whom I had lived in habits of friendship, I was not prepared.

All that I have written since has been received by the public with approbation, and by the critics announced without approbation. These are, *Count Benyowsky*, *The Death of Rolla**, *The Youngest Children of my Fancy*, *Poverty and Honor*, *The Man of Forty Years*, *The Negro Slaves*,
The

* Pizarro in Peru.

The Chace *, The Count of Burgundy, The Defamers †, False Shame, and La Peyrouset.

Many of my plays have had the good fortune to be translated into French, Dutch, Danish, Polish, Russian, Italian §; a new thorn in the side of the Reviewers ! A few days ago I received the following piece of intelligence in a letter from Moscow : " Your play, the Child of Love, was as often represented, and with more applause here than The Marriage of Figaro in Paris. It is very well translated into Russian."

Is it not matter of surprise, that at the same time, and in so many countries, the Public should every where have judged wrong, and approved of things upon which the Reviews had pronounced irrevocable sentence of condemnation ?—The investigation of that phenomenon, however, I must reserve for the continuation of this article on some other occasion. What may follow I must beg to be considered as the defence of a man accused ; for the critics have so often charged me at the bar of their judges and mine, the Public, that it would seem a contempt for that tribunal never to take the trouble to answer. In this view I certainly may have some claim to indulgence. Yet shall it be my endeavour, as far as it is in my power, to intersperse with flowers so dry a subject, and never forget what Beaumarchais so well observes : "*Faut-il, parce qu'on a raison, donner des vapeurs à son lecteur ? et faire secher d'ennui les magistrats ? Leur état n'est que trop pénible !*" ||

* Der Wildfang.

† The Force of Calumny.

‡ In addition to this catalogue we can add—Sultan Wampum ; The Reconciliation ; Family Connexions ; Self-Immolation ; The Children of Misery ; and The Peevish Man, which have been published ; and six which were finished and sold to various European theatres as long ago as the 11th of June 1799 : The names, as given in a letter of that date addressed to William Dunlap, are as follows : The Epigram, in four acts : The Reward of Truth, in five acts : Johanna von Montfaucon, in five acts : The Writing Desk, in four acts : The Two Klingsbergs, in four acts : and The Wise Woman in the Woods, in five acts.

§ He had not, when this was written, heard of the great success of his dramas in this country.

|| Because you are in the right, are you to give your readers the spleen, or kill the judges with ennui ? Their situation is irksome enough already !

German Theatre.

No. I.

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHACE.

THE
WILD-GOOSE CHACE.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE NEW-YORK THEATRE,
JANUARY 24, 1800.

CHARACTERS.

PERFORMERS.

MEN.

BARON FREDERICK WELLINGHORST	Mr. Hodgkinson.
FELIX	Tyler.
SQUIRE PIFFLEBERG	Hallam.
JOHN MOLKUS	Jefferson.
FRENCH HAIR-DRESSER	Fox.

WOMEN.

MADAME VON BRUMBACH	Mrs. Hogg.
NANNETTE	Miss E. Westray.
LISETTE	Mrs. Hodgkinson.

MUSIC composed by MR. HEWITT. SCENERY by MR.
CICERI.

THE
WILD-GOOSE CHACE.

ACT FIRST. SCENE FIRST.

The Hall of an Inn, with a front door, and several side doors, numbered. FREDERICK is discovered, standing with folded arms, before a side door, looking at the number.

Fred. **N**UMBER three! A mysterious number! I shall not stir from this spot until I know who lives here. A figure as lovely as if painted by the pencil of Angelica Kauffman. Is she a wife or a maid?—O! certainly a maid.—In church she never turns her face from the preacher; but if by chance my eyes meet hers, her cheeks glow like apple blossoms.—What is it to me who she is? Ah! Fred, Fred, something whispers here (*pointing to his breast*) “that is not true”.

SONG. FREDERICK

Prythee Fred, what is't to thee,
Whether widow, maid or wife?
Ever roving, ever free,
Liberty be thine for life.

Ah Fred! Fred! Fred!
When next you meet her eye,
Her pouting lips and cherry cheeks
Will give your tongue the lie.

Check

B

Cheek, and lip, and eye as fine,
Other girls possess :—
All—yes, dam' me, all are mine—
Not a bonnet less.

Ah Fred! Fred! Fred!
The candor of her eye,
The innocence which marks her mien,
Will give your tongue the lie.

LISETTE *opens the door before which he is standing,*
and calls.

Lis. Molkus!

Molk. (*Behind.*) Here!

Lis. Bring coffee! (*Goes in again, and shuts the door.*)

Molk. Directly!

Fred. (*Imitating her.*) Molkus!—Ha! ha! a pretty snip-snap dialogue. This I suppose is the lady of the bed-chamber, miscalled chamber-maid. We must buy her voice in the cabinet.

Enter MOLKUS with coffee, &c.

Fred. Which way, good fellow?

Molk. Fellow! I don't remember drinking fellowship with you.

Fred. Don't take it amiss. We may know each other better.

Molk. Perhaps that may not be the better for one of us.

Fred. True. Whither do you carry coffee?

Molk. To No. 3.

Fred. Who lives in No. 3?

Molk. Sometimes one body, sometimes another; just as it happens.

Fred.

Fred. I want to know.

Molk. Do you? I will tell you, sir.

Fred. Well!

Molk. It is a maxim, that when one man has knowledge and another wants it—he must pay for it.

Fred. No more than right. Thus let the pupil pay the teacher. Thus let ignorance pay tribute to knowledge. Here are three florins.

Molk. No. 3. One, two, three. So! He that asks reasonably shall be answered truly. One, two, three. Ah! No. 3.

Fred. Well! Who lives in No. 3?

Molk. Three women.

Fred. Who are they? What are their names? Where do they come from? Whither are they going? How long do they stay here?

Molk. I know not. I don't know. I can't tell. I haven't asked. Nobody knows.

Fred. Nay, but my good fellow—

Molk. No better than my neighbors.

Fred. You, at least, know their names.

Molk. Their names. Yes. They have three names.

Fred. Probably.

Molk. Written in the clerk's book.

Fred. Well!

Molk. The old one is called Mrs. Von Brumbach.

Fred. Von Brumbach! That name promises nothing good.

Molk. The little rogueish wench is call'd Lisette, and is her chamber-maid.

Fred. And the youngest of the graces with an angel's head?

Molk.

Molk. What angel's head?

Fred. The Grecian girl with the swan's neck.

Molk. Angel's head and swan's neck! We have no such birds here.

Fred. Stupid dolt! Who is the third lady?

Molk. Dolt!—(*Weighs the money in his hand.*) One, two, three. (*Pockets it.*) Yes, the affront may be pocketted.

Fred. Well! The third, the third?

Molk. The third is—the young lady.

Fred. But her name?

Molk. Her name is—probably the same as her mother's.

Fred. Miss Brumbach! No, that must not be her name.

Molk. Give her another.

Fred. That I will, by Heaven! That I will! Do you know nothing more?

Molk. Nothing, but that—the coffee grows cold,

[*Exit into No 3.*]

Fred. Miss Brumbach!—The name sets my teeth a chattering—makes a lump of ice of me. How shall I cure this beautiful girl of her ugly name? And have I not the power? Yes! I will be her physician! Before to-morrow night shall she be Baroness Wellinghorst!—That sounds better. But how shall I begin it? Not a word have I spoken with her yet. (*Peeps through the key-hole.*) There I see a green sofa—but nobody sits on it. On the right hand hangs a looking-glass, but no image is reflected from it.—I must watch a little.

(*As he puts his eye again to the key-hole, the door opens.*)

Enter

Enter LISETTE from No. 3.

Lis. Ah! (*Screaming.*) What does this mean?

Fred. A formal siege, my lovely girl: but you make a *sally*, and the enemy retreats.

Lis. Have I done you any harm, sir?

Fred. Irreparable.

Lis. Oh, dear!

Fred. With those sparkling eyes, you rogue!

Lis. May I ask with whom you wish to speak, sir?

Fred. With you, dear girl.

Lis. Well, here I am.

Fred. Pray tell me, who do you serve?

Lis. Mrs. Von Brumbach.

Fred. And who is Mrs. Von Brumbach?

Lis. Now, indeed, you ask me too much. I have only been with her three weeks: nor could my predecessor give me any information, for she had only served her ten days.

Fred. And you three weeks! That does you honor.

Lis. My patience is already as thin as a cobweb, and if it was not for the sake of the dear young lady——

Fred. Aye, the dear young lady! The lovely young lady!

Lis. Do you know her?

Fred. I know nothing *but* her! The whole of my existence is devoted to the study of her; my soul can contain no other knowledge.

Lis. Where have you seen her?

Fred. Yesterday at church.

Lis. Never before?

Fred. No.

Lis.

Lis. (Smiling.) The acquaintance is very young.

Fred. So am I *young*: and the *young* lady is *young*; and you are *young*; and—in short, I am damnably in love with her.

Lis. Indeed! We cannot read that.

Fred. But *I* know it by heart.

Lis. Have you often such attacks?

Fred. I'll tell thee what, Lisette. I have been in love ever since I was eight years old, and I hope to continue so until I am eighty!

Lis. The last object of your love will be envied.

Fred. The last object is your young lady. I shall love *her* forever.

Lis. Forever!

Fred. Not an hour less.

Lis. Eternity is a pretty little thing in the mouth of a young man of twenty.

Fred. One and twenty, if you please; one and twenty.

Lis. One and twenty! I humbly beg pardon. But may one ask, how the knight is called who bears my young lady's chains?

Fred. Baron Wellinghorst. I am rich. Have neither father or mother. To-morrow I am of age, and may do what I please.

Lis. So, so! Now if the young lady could do what she pleased.

Fred. Do you think she would be willing?

Lis. Why not? Here an old cross mother; there a pleasant young gentleman. Here a glass of rhubarb: there a glass of almond-milk.

Fred. I am charmed! I must kiss thee!

Lis. (Resists.) Do you always kiss your beloved's chambermaids when you are charmed?

Fred.

Fred. Always, always—its my way.

Lis. Young gentlemen kiss: old ones give money.

Fred. O! in that I'm as old as Methusalem.
(*Gives her a full purse.*) There, you rogue—am I not grey?

Lis. (*Feigning resistance.*) No—no. Indeed it was not meant—but you are irresistible.

Fred. O, that I could hear your young lady say so!

Lis. Who knows—

Fred. Tell her that I languish like Siegwart, rave like Werter—

Lis. And love like Tom Jones.

Fred. That I am modest and discreet—

Lis. That you sparkle like a rocket—

Fred. Which dissolves in brilliant globes of light—

Lis. And goes out in an instant.

Fred. You should never continue a comparison too far. Now let us speak of my gratitude—It shall be as lasting as my love.

Lis. Four weeks.

Fred. Jestng aside. It is in your power to put me into a perfect rage of thankfulness. (*Takes out a letter.*) If, for example, you would deliver this letter.

Lis. With all my heart. But where is the direction?

Fred. It is addressed from me, through you, to my future spouse.

Lis. Without a name. Then I can give it to whom I please.

Fred. Not to old Mrs. Von Brumbach: rather keep it yourself.

Lis.

Lis. No, no, my pretty young gentleman of twenty-one; a man in love must not go post haste like a letter.

Fred. Cupid is drawn by doves; and doves *fly*. As soon as the little god shall yoke snails to his chariot, I also will slacken my pace.

Lis. My young lady does not yet even know that you exist; and shall she begin a correspondence with you?

Fred. Only let her read.

Lis. The letter is probably copied from her eyes.

Fred. Word by word.

Lis. Then I know it by heart.

Fred. But an ambassador without credentials—

Lis. Patience! Patience!

Fred. That word stands not in my dictionary.

Lis. Then write it in. Keep your letter, and I will tell her.

Fred. What?

Lis. Listen——

SONG.

LISETTE and FREDERICK—in dialogue.

Lisette.

That a handsome young man,
With eyes black and bright,
Will love her forever
And ever.

Frederick.

That's right

Lisette.

That he is a baron
As bold as a knight,

And

And as rich as a prince :
What say you ?

Frederick.

All right:

Lisette.

That he is almost
Twenty-one, but not quite—
And will wed her with pleasure
To-morrow.

Frederick.

To-night !

Lis. If the old lady should not prove covetous of her blessing, and withhold her consent.

Fred. Chance has made me a baron, and given me two rich manors;—what objection can she have to me ?

Lis. She will say, children must not marry.

Fred. Two years hence she may say so to her grand-children.

Lis. The mother is not willing to share the myrtle crown with the daughter.

Fred. What ! Is the old one upon the lookout for a second marriage ?

Lis. A third.

Fred. Bravo !

Lis. The first husband she vexed to death. The second ran away from her. She will take better care of a third.

Fred. Indeed ? And yet travels in company with her daughter !—She would sell cucumbers, and yet carries melons in the same basket.

Lis. We think the melons are not ripe. We call Nannette, the “little girl,” the “child.”

C

Fred.

Fred. Nannette! Is her name Nannette?

Lis. Yes.

Fred. Nannette! O, what a heavenly name! I'm charmed again! I *must* kiss you! Nannette! —I must kiss you again!

Lis. What! *charmed* again *already*?

Fred. Yes, I'm made up of raptures, charms and enchantments! If your young lady had a dozen such names, twelve times would I kiss you for each.

Lis. Lud a mercy! Softly, sir. If any one should surprize us they would think you were in love with me.

Fred. To be sure. Why not? I *am* in love with you. I once was in love with eight girls at the same time.

Lis. A pretty recommendation.

Fred. But if you should be of opinion, that a divided heart burns the weaker, the fire of these kisses shall convert you. (*Attempts to kiss her.*)

Lis. (*Resisting.*) Baron! Why, baron!

Fel. (*Opening his room door.*) Frederick! Frederick!

Lis. Ah! (*Shrieks, and runs off into No. 3.*)

Enter FELIX in a morning gown, from No. 1.

Fred. What! my dear Mr. Felix, are you up already?

Fel. That is the question I would put to you: for you generally sleep some hours longer than I do.

Fred. Alas! my dear tutor; love—love robs me of sleep.

Fel. What, again? Three miles from hence I heard the same story.

Fred.

Fred. Three! Was it just three? That was ominous.

Fel. How so?

Fred. Look at the figure of three on that door.

Fel. Well?

Fred. There dwells my beloved.

Fel. What, she who ran in there just now?

Fred. Oh dear! no. That was only her chambermaid; a 'star of the sixth quality compared to the luminous sun of my affections.

Fel. I am used to hear of angels, stars, and suns.

Fred. And pray, Mr. Felix, if Mahomet could put the moon in his pocket, why may not I marry the sun?

Fel. You will burn your wings.

Fred. You jest: but I am in earnest.

Fel. Heaven forbid.

Fred. Why?

Fel. Because we find among twenty marriages but one that is supportable: among an hundred, but one that is happy.

Fred. You are a woman-hater.

Fel. A burnt child dreads the fire: but the youth rushes into the flames.

Fred. Flames! I'm a flame myself. A torch. A blazing tar-barrell. O! its so delicious to be all on fire!

Fel. I have experience—dearly-bought experience.

Fred. Only think, sir! Only think! Her name is Nannette.

Fel. Her name may be Angelica, and she no angel.

Fred. Only sixteen years old!

Fel.,

Fel. So much the longer will she torment you.

Fred. As beautiful as a rose-bud!

Fel. So much the more will the butterflies flutter around her.

Fred. As gentle as a dove!

Fel. Women are all gentle—out of doors.

Fred. Out of doors! Then will we take the air all day.

Fel. My young friend, you jest upon the most serious affair of your life.

Fred. Serious? Just the reverse. To love a beautiful girl: be beloved by her: marry her!—What can be so charming?

Fel. It is well that I know you, and know how soon these sparks go out.

Fred. That was because they formerly were *only* sparks; but now—now its a Trojan conflagration!

Fel. Dear Frederick, no more romance. We have travelled together many a mile, and have seen more than our post-horses. Don't let me have it to say, that you know the world and not yourself.

Fred. If the seven sages of Greece had seen my Nannette, they all would be as mad as I am!

Fel. And when you shall have been married to your Nannette one year——

Fred. I shall have been happy three hundred and sixty-five days.

Fel. And in the second year?

Fred. Three hundred and sixty-six—if its a leap year.

Fel. Might my own terrible example be of service to you. I was once married—perhaps still am so.

Fred. Perhaps!——Odd enough.—Don't you know?

Fel.

Fel. I play'd the lover of romance with my wife, and stood gaping at the moon, instead of examining her heart, until the sun of reason arose and showed me that I was wretchedly deceived.

SONG. FELIX.

She hung on my arm, and with accents so sweet,
Cried, "the daylight can't vanish too soon;—
I long thus to lean, while you lead me to greet
The mild beams of the silver-faced moon."

At eve all was hush'd, and night's goddess shone bright,
I beg'd—she consented too soon.
I thought that the spirit I thus made my own,
Was as mild as the beams of the moon.

The moon-beams soon vanish'd—the bridegroom awoke—
Whilst the bright sun of reason arose,
Hymen's bands I found chains, and his garland a yoke;
And the moon but reminds me of woes.

Now at eve when I ramble o'er hill or thro' brake,
I deplore that I married so soon;
And in reason's despite my heart sometimes will ach,
While regret casts a cloud o'er the moon.

Fred. You opened your Xenophon, and read the life of Socrates.

Fel. My Xantippe presented to me daily the goblet of poison. Vanity, obstinacy, and, above all, that accursed trick of pouting, at length drove me from my home, to seek rest on the troubled billows of an unquiet world.

Fred. You left her, then?

Fel. It was wrong. I confess *my* weakness in the hope of preventing *yours*.—I left her all my property, which was far from inconsiderable, and an only child—a daughter. The little knowledge I had acquired was all I took with me.

Fred.

Fred. Particularly your knowledge of women.

Fel. The assumed name of Felix protected me from enquiries; and I found an asylum in your father's house when you were but a little boy.

Fred. My father died, and left to me the enchanting duty of continuing his undiminish'd friendship to you.

Fel. You can if you will, dear Frederick.

Fred. We must always remain together. I could not be happy without you.

Fel. I love you as my son; and, as such, warn you of danger. Your father's last words still sound in my ears.

Fred. "Obey this man," said he to me; "so shall my blessing remain upon thy head."

Fel. To-morrow you will be of age, and my authority ceases. The friend can only warn and entreat.

Fred. The friend! You make me proud by the title. But, my dear Mr. Felix, why must my marriage be unhappy because yours was so? If my Nannette should ever ask me to gaze at the moon, I shall remember you, and think she means to blind me.

Fel. But you do not know your newly beloved.

Fred. What! Have I not *seen* her?—But not a word more; you yourself shall see her, be enchanted, and become my rival! That soft blue eye, modest grace, charming timidity, lovely innocence!—Shaped like a Greek; blooming as a Circassian; the bosom of a Turk; the teeth of a Moor—(*Sees a servant girl, with a bunch of keys, cross the stage.*) What a pretty creature! Stop—hark, my dear! Don't run. Ah! you little devil—I'll be with you! (*Exit, running after her.*)

Fel.

Fel. There it is! Every white apron sets him on fire. Foolish boy! who takes the heat of youth for love: and woe to the poor girl who shall throw her myrtle garland into such straw flames.

[*Exit into his apartment.*]

SCENE SECOND.

Mrs. BRUMBACH'S apartment. A door and window in front.

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. (*Counting the money given her by Frederick.*) Eight dollars and a piece of gold! I like this young man. He is as rash as an ensign, and as liberal as a prince. Let me see.—What is a chambermaid's duty in this affair? Here burns the fire, and there lays the straw! Then she must put the straw a little nearer to the fire; give a puff—and the business is done.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Lisette, is Mama up already?

Lis. Yes, miss, she is combing the lap-dog.

Nan. (*Yawning.*) What day is to-day, Lisette?

Lis. Monday.

Nan. I'm sorry for it.

Lis. Why?

Nan. It is so long before Sunday!

Lis. Did the last sermon please you so well?

Nan.

Nan. The sermon! O, no! But at church one sees the people of the town. All the rest of the week we dare not stir out of the house.

Lis. Yes, one sees and one is seen.

Nan. I wonder who would look at my plain hat and simple white clothes? Indeed I am quite ashamed that mama gives me nothing better.

Lis. Perhaps she thinks mama nature has given you enough.

Nan. When I sit, in these clothes, among the fine dressed ladies, I feel that mama is right when she calls me stupid ugly thing.

Lis. There are people who pretend the contrary.

Nan. Yes, Mr. Piffleberg once told me that I was pretty; but mama was angry, and he retracted his words.

Lis. I know a young gentleman who will say as much, and not retract for all the mamas in Germany.

Nan. Do you know him? Ah, dear! how happy you are, Lisette! You are acquainted with so many people.

Lis. Within this half hour he talk'd more to me about *you* than I could repeat in a year.

Nan. About me? O, gemini! Tell me, Lisette! Tell me!

Lis. He is young, well made, all in a blaze, and he says "damnably in love."

Nan. In love? with whom?

Lis. With you.

Nan. With me! Oh, gemini! Lisette how you have frightened me. We must go and tell mama immediately.

Lis.

Lis. O yes, and run and tell Molkus! Tell mama, indeed!

Nan. But does he love me, Lisette? Ah! now, you are joking.

Lis. Not I. He wishes to marry you.

Nan. Marry me! Marry me! Ha! ha! ha! That's droll enough. But, Lisette, can I marry already?

Lis. I see nothing wanting but a good husband.

Nan. You make me laugh.

Lis. He is rich, and moreover a baron.

Nan. Are barons better for husbands than other men?

Lis. Not all. But I will lay any wager, that this one pleases.

Nan. You will win, Lisette; I am sure you will win, if he loves me.

Lis. Love you! Why when I told him that your name was Nannette, he was in such an extacy that he caught me in his arms, and kissed me like a madman.

Nan. Kissed you! Is that a proof of his love for me?

Lis. Certainly.

Nan. That's droll. But I don't like such proofs.

Lis. He asked me to deliver a letter to you.

Nan. Where is it, Lisette? Quick, quick.

Lis. "I take a letter?" says I: "no, no indeed," and I scolded him soundly.

Nan. Now, how could you do so? Nobody ever wrote to me in my life. Poor young gentleman! I dare say he'll grow melancholy.

Lis. Never fear. Melancholy don't seem to be his business.

Nan. Oh, gemini! Lisette, what will be the end of it?

D

Lis.

Lis. With time comes experience. You will know by and by. Your mama will not hurry from hence, because her romance with Mr. Piffleberg begins to become serious; so that you may, perhaps, have an opportunity of seeing and speaking with one another.

Nan. See and speak!—I am sure, Lisette, I shall neither be able to open my mouth or my eyes.

Lis. That will be his business. Come, come, who knows what may happen. He has fine estates, and when you are baroness Wellinghorst, I will marry the steward.

Nan. Yes. But then—then, Lisette—he need not prove his love for *me* by kissing *you*.

Lis. No, no—hush. You shall have all the proofs. Hush, here comes mama.

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH.

Nan. Good morning, mama.

M. B. Good morning, child. Good heaven! how vulgar you look to-day: as red and healthy as a milk maid. I suppose you slept all night?

Nan. That I did, as sound as a top.

SONG. NANNETTE.

Did peaceful slumber e'er decline,
Her poppies o'er the couch to shed,
Where guiltless innocence reclines her head,
And health and exercise to call her join?

The pillows of the great she flies,
Affrighted by their beds of state:
Ambition's sons in vain her favors wait,
And guilt in vain for peaceful slumber cries,

M. B.

M. B. Ah, there it is! there it is! How can a child of a genteel family think of sleeping half her life like a dormouse?

Nan. Indeed I can't help it, mama. After supper I am *so* sleepy, that if I did not go to bed, I should certainly nod in my chair.

M. B. That's because you eat. A shocking vulgar custom. You may know a lady of quality by her complaints. Thank heaven, I have not known an hour of health in my life.

Lis. That accounts, madam, for the air of soft languor which diffuses itself over your person, and renders your manners so interesting.

M. B. Dear Lisette, you know men are tyrants; and how should we weak creatures dare to trample under foot the rights of the strong, if we could not render our delicacy interesting? Nervous complaints, cramps and hysterics have metamorphosed many a lordly master into a supple slave. But these are things which little girls can't understand: go, child, into my closet, read in the prayer-book, and take care of the lap-dog.

Nan. Yes, mama. (*Exit Nannette.*)

M. B. Has not Mr. Piffleberg been here?

Lis. He went a hunting very early this morning.

M. B. Poor man! Anxiety deprives him of rest. It is strange how *hard* some people take the *soft* passion. What think you, Lisette, shall I marry him?

Lis. Consult your heart, madam.

M. B. Oh, horribly vulgar! No, no, those times are past, when the heart was suffered to play the master and lead blindfolded reason in chains. Love is a good servant, but a bad master. Marriage is a hateful custom; but, being established,
one

one must conform to it, as to the afternoon's nap in Spain. But woe to the fool who bends her neck where she was born to govern.

Lis. But with Mr. Piffleberg?

M. B. True, there I run no risk of enslaving myself; and that is no small recommendation. His estate, it is true, is mortgaged; but he is an honest creature, and since one must have a male animal about one, as well him as another. To be sure he is a little too rough and noisy, but he has a great deal of nature about him, and I love nature!—*Lisette*, where are my other teeth?

Lis. In your bed-chamber, madam.

M. B. This man seems really attached to me; but I must make trial of his talents for obedience.

Lis. And if he stands the trial——?

M. B. Why—I am tired of rambling about thus alone: I want a husband to settle my accounts, and take the trouble off my hands of quarrelling with innkeepers and postillions. Then when I consider that I have a little child to provide for——

Lis. Bless me, madam! have you a little child?

M. B. Do you forget *Nannette*?

Lis. Oh, the young lady——

M. B. What young lady? A child who hardly knows her right hand from her left. I hope, *Lisette*, you don't put things in her head.

Lis. Oh dear, madam! Mercy forbid! Why she hardly knows that she has a head.

M. B. Ah! *Lisette*, a mother's duty is a heavy burthen: then there is the lap-dog and the canary-birds.—My future spouse will have enough to do.

Lis. You might easily get rid of the young lady,

M. B. How so?

Lis.

Lis. Give her a husband.

M. B. Art thou mad? Ha! ha! that child a husband! Don't mention such a thing. Early marriage—late repentance.

Lis. It would be a pity, to be sure, for poor Mopsy the lap-dog's sake, he is so attached to her.

M. B. That alone would be sufficient. Come, Lisette, let me attend a little to my dress. No, no, as long as the dear lap-dog lives, Nannette must not think of marrying. *[Exit.]*

Lis. Oh dear! Oh dear! And she is called a mother! Well, they say charity covers a multitude of sins. Then will I weave a plot to release poor Nannette from this tyrant, the charity of which shall cover all my peccadillos like a cloak.

SONG. LISETTE.

Come dear invention!
The chambermaid's first blessing;
Which makes her feel as Cræsus rich,
Tho' nothing else possessing.
Hither! Fill my plotting brain;
Make the dragon's watching vain:
Until Hesperia's golden fruit be mine;
And love with beauty bless'd pay homage at thy shrine.

[Exit.]

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT SECOND. SCENE FIRST.

Scene, continues from last act.

Enter PIFFLEBERG.

Pif. Hoix! tally ho! tally ho! The widow!
What is the old puss still in her form? I'll rouze
her with a sportsman's serenade.

SONG. PIFFLEBERG.

The morning is bright, still the dew on the ground;
My pointers bound lightly and share in my joys;—
A brace of staunch dogs!—Now, a covey is found—
See!—they point!—fix'd as stone—not a wink of their eyes!
Go on!—They're up!—I single one.
He's down! My aim is sure.
Mark! Mark!—Again I've mark'd them down.
My game is still secure.

While hills, dales, and woods the sharp echoes repeat,
My priming is laid and my charge is renew'd.
Follow! Juno and Dashwood! In vain they retreat—
In triumph I bear home the choice of the brood.
Go on!—They're up!—I single one!
He's down! My aim is sure.
Mark! Mark!—Again I mark them down,
My game is still secure.

Ye hoix!—Tally ho!—The widow!—Here she
comes! I've brought her down!—I'm the shot,
crack! (*Always accompanying the last word 'crack'
with a smart clap of the hands.*)

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH.

M. B. Bless me! what a vulgar noise! Have
pity on my nerves, my good Mr. Piffleberg?

Pif.

Pif. Good morning, widow! A fresh morning. I have been bathing my feet in dew.

M. B. You speak as poetically as if you had been reading Kleist or studying Thomson's Seasons.

Pif. Kleist? I have a cousin serves in that regiment. As to Thomson I don't like him—he's a damn'd brute of a poacher.

M. B. Thomson a poacher!

Pif. Yes, I have caught him at it. But he's a good miller, and so I keep him on my estate.

M. B. Oh, lud! Oh, lud!—Have you good hunting on your estate?

Pif. The best in the land. Marry me, widow, and I'll shew you sport!—Not such a shot in all Germany; crack! Or for a fox-chace—Devil take me widow—you are no chicken;—but you never saw such sport, old as you are.

M. B. Old!—It seems, sir, you are as poor a judge of a lady's age as you would be of a Chinese poem.

Pif. There you have me. I never was in the West-Indies. I speak plain German.

M. B. German enough, heaven knows!

Pif. I can tell the age of a horse to a hair. There a body may look at the teeth.

M. B. Will you walk into the stable?

Pif. What should I do there? To be sure the landlord has a pair of bays—

M. B. They will understand your language.

Pif. So ho! Dam'me the widow's up. I've been at some of my old blunders I suppose. I'm off the track—must call in. Don't take anything amiss, widow. I am plain, but as honest as my spaniel; staunch as my pointer. A good fowling-piece

piece should have a rusty coat ; your polish startles the game—but clean within, widow ; clean within ! And what signifies a little rough casing, so as the heart has but its proper loading, well wadded and ramm'd.

M. B. Why if a lady could understand——

Pif. Let us make an end of the matter. Tomorrow shall be the wedding ; and the next day the fox-chace.

M. B. Good heavens ! you are so hasty !—

Pif. Why the truth is, widow, we have neither of us any time to lose. I have been a long time out of my teens as well as yourself.

M. B. Why, pray sir, how old do you take me to be ?

Pif. Why you told me yourself, that your second husband was killed in the seven-years war.

M. B. Very pretty, sir ! Why not in the Trojan war ?

Pif. Trojan war ! When was that ? Was that one of old Fred's ? But damn all wars, they spoil sport. I love peace, and will marry you, even though you had gone to school with Methusalem. Therefore, widow, make no difficulty. Come with me to Piffleberg. My curate—a damn'd good shot—shall publish the banns, and then in God's name—be fruitful and multiply.

M. B. Not quite so fast, Mr. Sportsman. To win a lady or to shoot a partridge are two very different things. There is nothing so disgusting as one of your marriages which are concluded like a matter of bargain and sale ; where there is no elopement, no moonlight assignation, no duel, no suicide to enliven the scene a little.

Pif.

Pif. Suicide! A very lively affair to be sure, widow; but it may do as well *after* the ceremony. As to the duel, why I'm a damn'd good shot, crack! but who is there to fight with?

M. B. But setting aside those bagatelles, there are a thousand things to be done.

Pif. In God's name, let's begin then, or the sporting season will be over. I am ready to receive your instructions.

M. B. We must be undisturbed.

Pif. Well; who disturbs us?

M. B. This is a public hall: people constantly passing and repassing.—But observe, sir. Yonder door leads to the garden. Here is the key to it. When the clock strikes twelve, the noon of night and hour of ghosts, I shall expect you here.

Pif. At midnight! Why dam'me, widow, I am always a-bed by ten o'clock. "The hour of ghosts!" yes, and the hour of thieves too.

M. B. Oh, sir! if you are afraid——

Pif. Afraid!—No, I am only afraid of oversleeping the time. (*He takes the key.*)

M. B. Very well, sir! If so, sir, you may seek a mistress in the dew to-morrow morning.

Pif. But why must I come through the garden? The house is a public house, open all night, nobody to stop me.

M. B. What, sir? would you expose my character? Besides, the garden is so much more pleasant; the pure air and the nightingale's song—and I shall myself be there.

Pif. The nightingale don't sing at this season.

M. B. To be short, sir, the way to my heart lies through the garden.

Pif.

Pif. What, widow, is your heart a hot-house? To tell you the truth, if I don't get my usual rest at night, I am not worth a charge of powder the whole day after.

M. B. Very well, sir: no sacrifice—no merit.

Pif. Come, come, widow, let us leave these fooleries to younger people. I believe our ages put together would amount to something more than a century.

M. B. What, sir, would you make me a Cybele?

Pif. You have the gout, and I am troubled at times with a rheumatism and a cursed back-ach; and the night-air is as bad for that as for your asthmatic cough.

M. B. Oh heavens! what indelicacy. I shall faint—I am sick——

Pif. There it is, now! And yet you would be running about in the damp air at midnight.

M. B. Nannette!—Lisette!—Help!—I am dying.

Pif. Never fear—I will mix you a tea-cup-full of brandy and gun-powder—never knew it fail—here's my pistol. (*His pocket bottle.*) Give me a tea-cup. I am the best horse-doctor in——

M. B. Nannette! Lisette! Help! help! Harts-horne! Salts!

Enter NANNETTE and LISETTE.

Lis. Dear me! my lady, what's the matter?

Nan. What ails you, dear mama?

M. B. My salts—give me my salts!

Lis. (*Holding it under her nose.*) The young gentleman has certainly been taking liberties.

Pif.

Pif. Young! (*Half aside.*) Not much younger than she is. And she is as grey as a Russian hare in the winter.

M. B. Get out of my sight, sir! Get out of my sight, sir!

Pif. Her back's up now: we must smoothe it. (*To her.*) Why but, widow, what the devil—I meant no harm—

M. B. Out of my sight, sir!

Pif. Give me leave and I'll send you as fine a sow as ever you sat eyes on.

M. B. Keep your swine for companions.

Pif. Dam'me, she's in earnest. Even the sow won't soothe her.

M. B. I insist upon your quitting my apartments.

Pif. Well, well, be pacified—I'm off—but I shall return.

M. B. Never.

Pif. (*Going.*) I have thought of a plan for reconciliation. If that don't do—Let the huntsman sound his horn and couple the dogs—Hoix! Tally ho! Ringwood! Echo! Dashwood!

[*Exit.*]

M. B. What! Is he gone? and without throwing himself at my feet?

Lis. You must forgive him that, my lady, he is stiff in the knees.

M. B. Alas! how many things must we forgive the tyrannic sex.

Nan. Dear mama, do the Russian hares grow grey in winter?

M. B. You are a goose.

Nan. If my lover had said such a thing to me, I would have discharged him without much ceremony.

M. B.

M. B. Lover! Your lover! Is it possible? What do I hear? We shall soon have babes in the cradle lisping to one another "I love." Each doll will be a Cupid, and every sugar-cake a love-letter.—Pray, my pert miss, do you know what those things called lovers are?

Nan. Not very well, mama, but I am ready to learn. (*Curtseying.*)

M. B. Heaven forbid, child! A lover is worse than the sun in the spring; the one spoils the complexion, the other the heart.

Lis. Yes indeed, miss, and if he don't spoil it, he takes it away.

M. B. A lover is a cunning animal, always lying in wait to take advantage of your weakness.

Nan. Is one always weak when one has a lover?

Lis. It will happen so sometimes.

M. B. If he lies at your feet as a slave—there let him lie.

Nan. Poor man!

M. B. Lift him up, and he becomes your tyrant. A lover is a second Proteus, he insinuates himself in every possible form.

Enter FREDERICK as a hair-dresser.

Fred. Beg pardon, ladies; am I right? (*Putting his head in at the door.*)

Lis. (*Smiling.*) Yes, indeed, in every possible form.

M. B. Whom do you want, friend?

Fred. The celebrated and amiable Madame Von Brumbach. (*Entering.*)

M. B. I am Madame Von Brumbach.

Lis. (*Aside to Nannette.*) It is the baron.

Nan.

Nan. (*Shrieks.*) Ah!

M. B. What ails the child?

Lis. You have made her so afraid of lovers, that even this powder-puff frightens her.

Nan. Must I run away, mama, if I see one?

M. B. Not if I am present.

Fred. (*Archly.*) I think, madam, they say that children cut their eye-teeth very soon in this country.

M. B. Children are very forward. But pray, my friend, what do you want here?

Fred. I wish to have the felicity of putting your silken hair in curls.

M. B. Your trouble is in vain. I have a hair-dresser.

Fred. Certainly, madam, he is my master. He is sick, madam, and has sent me in his place.

M. B. Ah! so, so! What ails him?

Fred. He is—sick, madam, sick—very sick.

M. B. But his disorder?

Fred. Yes, madam—true—he has the—the—broken-leg, madam—the broken-leg.

M. B. Poor man! How did it happen?

Fred. He happened to be—Heaven knows why—upon the top of St. Agathy's steeple, and, in descending, his foot slipped and he fell down seventy-seven steps. Seventy-seven—I counted them myself.

M. B. Top of a steeple! Well, he that ascends high may fall low. But what business had a hair-dresser at the top of a steeple?

Lis. They wish to be always busy about the head.

Fred. Ha! ha! ha! The lady is right—even about the head of the church. I should be happy
to

to take the pope by the nose. (*Imitating the action of shaving.*) But my master was in the line of his profession, madam, even at the top of a steeple. Did your ladyship ever see St. Agathy's church?

M. B. Lisette bring my dressing-gown. (*To him.*) Never. (*Lisette goes for the gown.*)

Fred. Nearly at the top of the steeple is a statue of the saint, with a beautiful fox-coloured wig, which, being out of curl, my master was sent by order of the vestry to put the holy hair in buckle.

Lis. (*Having put the gown over her mistress and seated her in front of the stage.*) Good fellow, have you long exercised your profession?

Fred. (*Beginning to dress.*) I hope soon to be a master.

Lis. Then I suppose you will marry?

Fred. (*Looking at Nannette.*) If I can obtain the object of my love.

M. B. What countryman are you?

Fred. From Alsace, my lady—an emigrant—if I should be known, I am undone.

M. B. You must be on your guard.

Fred. I shall take care to deceive those who will suffer themselves to be blinded.

M. B. There you are right. Have you many customers?

Fred. I forget them all when with your ladyship.

M. B. You are an odd fellow. Do you dress the Lady Hengsberg?

Fred. The Lady Hengsberg? O, yes.

M. B. How old do you think she is?

Fred. How old? Why—a—your ladyship might be her daughter.

Nan.

M. B. (Smiling.) Oh, no! not so much as that. She is some years younger than I am.

Fred. Is it possible? *(He shews Nannette a letter. She appears anxious, pleased, and timid. Lisette takes the letter, and reaches behind Frederick to Nannette, who approaches and takes the letter from her.)*

M. B. But it is very natural that she should look so old; the dissipated life she leads——

Fred. Her husband ought to restrain her.

M. B. She has no longer a husband.

Fred. True—true—that is true enough—she is a widow——

M. B. No—she is divorced.

Fred. Ah! true; divorced. A widow or divorced, or divorced or a widow, it's all one.

M. B. (To Nannette, who is going off with the letter.) Where are you going, child?

Nan. To my room, mama.

M. B. Stay here. There is nothing for you to do there. Stay here. *(To Frederick.)* So, the revolution drove you from home?

Fred. Yes, madam. They wanted to force liberty down my throat; but I *(Looking significantly at Nannette.)* prefer slavery.

M. B. Why certainly hair-dressers are the servants of luxury——

Fred. I would willingly fly to England, but since Pitt has laid a tax on hair-powder, the English have all become crops; and, unless wigs can be brought in, the profession must starve.

M. B. Lisette, pray give me——*(As she turns she sees Nannette reading the letter.)* Pray, miss, what have you got there?

Nan. (Frightened.) Nothing, mama—nothing.

M. B.

M. B. Nothing. Let me see immediately what nothing looks like. Bring it hither instantly.

Nan. It is not nothing, mama. It is—it is—
(*Distressed.*)

Lis. It is—a paper—(*Confused.*)

M. B. Will you not obey me? (*Rises.*)

Fred. O ho! What, miss, have you got the letter out of my powder-bag? that's a good joke—Ha! ha! ha! (*Takes the letter.*)

M. B. What letter?

Fred. I don't think the young lady would have done it, but that little thief of a chambermaid of yours has taken it out——

Lis. (*Taking the hint.*) Little thief, indeed—a pretty appellation: though I did take the thing out of your nasty bag, I won't be called thief, so I won't. (*Pretending to weep.*) You powder-puff: you wash-ball: razor-strop——(*Pretending rage, and following him as if to box his ears.*) Bravo, baron, it will do!

M. B. Am I to know the meaning of all this?

Fred. Sit down, serene lady, and compose yourself: you shall know all, though I betray my indiscretion.

M. B. (*Sits again.*) Well, well!

Fred. I rely upon your generosity—you shall know all.

Nan. (*To Lisette, who now stands with her.*) Sure he won't tell, Lisette?

Lis. I think we may trust him: he has taken his degrees, and is *master of arts* tho' only a *bachelor*.

Fred. Between ourselves, my lady—but for heaven's sake do not betray me—this letter is addressed to the Lady Hengsberg. I saw it this morning,

morning as I went to dress her : it lay open on her toilette—my eye caught a phrase—curiosity was awakened—and, in short, I whipt it into my powder-bag. If you will permit, I will read it to your ladyship.

M. B. You may read it my friend—you may read it. Nannette, go to your chamber.

Fred. O dear! my lady—a little girl like that would not understand it.

M. B. I am unwilling to let children hear such things. But, however, you may stay and take a lesson against the wickedness of the world and the impudence of lovers.

Fred. (*Reads, and addresses the whole to Nannette.*) “Beautiful and amiable creature.”

M. B. “Beautiful!” See, Nannette, what gross flattery.

Fred. “I have only seen you once, but my heart is yours forever. As you came out of church yesterday——”

M. B. That’s all she goes to church for.

Fred. Leaning on the arm of your ugly old mother——”

M. B. That’s true enough, the mother is an ugly old woman, and as mischievous as a cat.

Lis. And as vain as a peacock.

Fred. And as stupid as a goose.

M. B. Mischievous, stupid and vain. An excellent picture. Ha! ha! ha! Go on.

Fred. “You looked like Hebe led by the old Cybele. I am young, rich, and love you unspeakably. Accept the hand of a youth who means honorably, and will deliver you from the tyranny of a mother.”

F

M. B.

M. B. That I never heard of the mother—she does but too much as the daughter wishes.

Fred. “Let us endeavor to deceive her.”

M. B. That will not be difficult.

Lis. I think not, my lady.

Fred. “And if she continues her odious tyranny and preposterous jealousy, fly into the arms of him who adores you.”

M. B. An elopement too! How I shall laugh at the old woman.

Lis. I think the young gentleman has explained himself clearly enough.

Nan. Very clearly.

M. B. (*To Nannette.*) It must be clear, indeed, if you could understand it.

Lis. What would you say, miss, if any one should write you such a letter?

Nan. I would not suffer any one to laugh at my mother.

Lis. Then you would dismiss the flaming youth?

Nan. Why—no—not so——

M. B. How can you embarrass the poor child by such questions?

Nan. Indeed, mama, I am very much embarrassed.

M. B. So, Lady Hengsberg is in a secret correspondence with a young unknown. Ha! ha! ha!

Fred. I have found him out already.

M. B. Indeed! Who? who?

Fred. A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

M. B. Well, I must mention this to three or four of my most intimate friends.

Enter HAIR-DRESSER.

Hair. A ha! me lady, pardonnez moi, I hope you have not wait.

M. B.

M. B. Bless me! monsieur, are you out of your bed?

Hair. "Me bed!" Ma foi, vy I av a been up—up—up——

M. B. Yes, I know it—up to the top of the steeple.

Hair. Steeple!

M. B. To dress St. Agathy's wig.

Hair. Parbleu! me lady, vat vig?

Lis. Did you not put her holy hair in buckle?

Hair. Vat buckle?

Nan. And fall down seventy-seven steps?

Hair. Seventy-seven—?

Lis. And broke your leg?

Hair. Diable, vat you mean?

Fred. You might have broke your leg, ha? you *might* have broke it.

Hair. Me broke a me leg? Aha! (*Capers.*)

Fred. But you happily escaped with a sprain, A sprain; ha?

Hair. Sprain! Vat you call sprain?

M. B. Why then did you send your journeyman?

Hair. Me shoorneyman?

Fred. (*Making signs to him.*) Yes, sir, you know you sent me to dress this lady.

Hair. For vat I sent you, ven I have a good pair of legs myself; ha?

Fred. But you do not dress hair with your legs, sir.

Hair. Me lady, dis is some treek—dis a fellow is imposteur.

Fred. (*Getting before him, and offering him money with his hand behind.*) Understand me.

Hair.

Hair. For vat I understand? Get out of de vay. I understand you for von dam impudent fellow. Ma foi! Vere is your certificate?

Fred. Here, here. (*Endeavoring to put money in his hand.*)

Hair. No here, here; nor dere, dere—I vont sell a de trade to vagabon—I vont sell a de bread out a me mout.

Nan. Oh, Lisette! I am in an agony.

M. B. This man then is not your journeyman?

Hair. No more dan is your lap-dog ma shoorneyman. He is imposteur—vagabon—

M. B. What has induced you to intrude yourself into my presence?

Fred. (*Somewhat in caricature.*) It is vain any longer to attempt to deceive a lady whose penetration would baffle the art of the most experienced in the wiles of Cupid, much more of me a simple youth. I will confess, my lady.

Nan. It is all over with us, Lisette.

Fred. I am a poor unfortunate lad. I saw you, my lady, in your yellow sattin gown—I had a glimpse of you—need I say more?

M. B. What do you mean?

Fred. I remembered the old saying “a cat may look at a king.” I gazed and was undone. If it is a crime to love, let nature bear the blame, who gave *me* such a heart, *you* such a face.

M. B. Lisette, give me my fan.

Lis. To hide her blushes or her wrinkles? (*Brings the fan, while Frederick proceeds*)—

Fred. My passion went hand in hand with discretion. I only wished to see you; to be near you: and, as the means, fell upon this innocent stratagem.

Hair.

Hair. Innocent! Ma foi! take a de bread out a me mout!

Fred. But never should my lips have uttered these words, but for this untoward discovery. For now I must be banished forever from your presence. (*Kneels.*) Punish me now! Complete the work your charms have begun!

M. B. You are a foolish young man. But rise. I pardon you.

Fred. Alas!—I must then go! (*Looking at Nannette.*) But I leave my heart behind.

M. B. Who told you you must go? You are a foolish youth, but you may be improved. You see, monsieur, there is nothing to be done with this young fellow.

Hair. Nothing to be done? Ma foi! I go to de magistrate, and put him in de ouse of correction.

M. B. If I pardon him, surely you may.

Hair. He take a noting from you me lady, but he spoil a me trade. Pity me me lady—Listen and pity.

SONG. HAIR-DRESSER.

Tink, me lady, only tink,
Take away me meat and drink;
How shall make de kittle boil?
Vat shall do for vife and shile?
Do I haven't break me leg,
I shall have me bread to beg.

Den he tell de lie so big;—
Say I dress de steeple vig.
Now, me lady, as I live;
As I hope me sin forgive;
De only vig I dress in town,
Gracious lady, is—your own.

M. B.

M. B. Vulgar fellow! In short, sir, here is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please, and I take this young man for my valet de chambre.

Fred. (*Kisses her hand.*) You give me life again!

Hair. He dress hair? Only see vat a fright he as made of your vig.

M. B. That's nothing to you, fellow. Begone!

Hair. I vill complain to de police—

Lis. Do you not hear, fellow? Begone!

Hair. I vill ave you vipt out a town.

M. B. My valet de chambre whipt? You are an impudent fellow.

Lis. A fool!

Nan. A brute!

Fred. An envious fellow! (*Pushing him.*)

Hair. You take a de bread out a me mout—

Fred. Away!

Hair. As to de lady, you ver velcome to dress a her old stinking hairs—

Fred. Out of the house!

Enter PIFFLEBERG and his HUNTSMAN, with six hares. FREDERICK throws the HAIR-DRESSER on PIFFLEBERG, who throws him to the HUNTSMAN, who throws him out.

Pif. Who says the hares are not fresh as a rose? Smell one, widow, (*thrusting a hare into her face*). Just shot 'em, crack!

M. B. Good heaven, sir, how vulgar!—And pray, sir, what has brought you back?

Pif. How could I be easy under your displeasure? I bring half a dozen hares as mediators between you and me. (*Throws down the hares. Exit Huntsman.*)

M. B.

M. B. The price you set on the peace, shows the value you set on me.

Pif. Now I think six hares—

Fred. And a bear in the bargain—

Pif. There are no bears in this country.

M. B. If I thought that true repentance brought to my feet—

Pif. There they are, all at your feet.

Fred. The most repentant hares in christendom.

M. B. Young man, for a valet de chambre, you take too great liberties.

Pif. A valet de chambre! (*after observing him*) So, ho! Thunder and lightning! Are not you the young baron who drank burgundy with me last evening at the coffee-house?

M. B. A Baron?

Fred. I drink burgundy, your honor? I am glad when I get a drink of small beer.

Pif. Upon my soul, but it is you! Had we not three bottles?

Fred. Your honor mistakes.

Pif. Not I. Did not you say, that here in this tavern lodged a beautiful girl with her ugly old mother? Did not you drink the young lady's health?

M. B. What does this mean?—Have I been deceived—abused—

Pif. Aye, that you have. He called you an old—

M. B. No repetition, sir.

Lis. So, we are fairly in the mire now.

Nan. Lisette, I shall die!

Fred. I tell you, sir, you are mistaken—you are blind—

Pif. I blind? The best shot in Germany, crack!

Fred. I tell you, you are blind—blind, sir, blind!
(*puffing powder in his eyes*) blind! blind! blind!

[*Exit.*

Pif.

Pif. Thunder and lightning! What do you mean?—I am a gentleman—a sportsman—powder and ball!—Satisfaction!

M. B. I shall faint!—I see the affront but too clearly—I see it all.

Pif. I wish I could see any thing.

M. B. Such an affront! I shall die!

Pif. An infernal poacher!

M. B. Where is my faithful friend?

Pif. (Aside.) I thought she would come about. Here I am, widow.

M. B. The only one that never deceived me.

Pif. Here.

M. B. My faithful lap-dog! my Mopsy! my last consolation!

[*Exit.*

Pif. Damn the old witch and her Mopsy!

Nan. It is very well, sir, I shall tell my mama *that*.

Pif. It is very well, my pretty miss, but your word will not go far now. Who is the cause of all this? ha! A sly poacher has spied your tracks, and sneaks after you through brier and bush—

Lis. And an old huntsman cries Halloo! ho! To spoil sport and frighten the game. That's all you are good for.

Pif. All I'm good for? Dam'me the best shot in all Germany, crack! Do you see these hares?

Lis. Yes.

Pif. I killed them.

Lis. What a heroic deed! So the butcher may say, "do you see this beef? I killed it."

Pif. Butcher? I am a sportsman.

Lis. Therefore without excuse for staining your hands with the blood of the innocent. You rejoice at the sight of death, and destroy animal life for sport. I'll sing you a sportsman's song.

SONG.

SONG. LISETTE.

The sportsman arm'd, and fill'd with joy,
 Forth issues to the plain:
 To seek, to start; pursue, destroy,
 And triumph o'er the slain.
 With a "Ho! Halloo!
 My dogs are true:
 Tantivy! Tantivy! Hark forward apace!
 She starts—she falls—she gasps for breath!"
 What pleasure to view the convulsions of death!
 For murder's the joy of the chace.

The partridge leads her callow young,
 First forth in search of food;
 With mother's joy she struts along,
 And eyes the helpless brood.
 With a "Ho! Halloo! &c."

The timid hare her covert flies,
 And bounds with speed along;
 Bends back her ears to catch the noise,
 And hears of death the song.
 With a "Ho! Halloo! &c."

Creation's pride, God's last, best work,
 Thus time and strength employs,
 Like wolf to prowl—like fox to lurk;
 Crowns reason's lord with joys.
 With a "Ho! Halloo! &c."

Pif. So! very pretty! And here they leave me standing alone like a mile-stone; covered with powder, and as white as a hare in a snow-storm. If the old woman had not a heavy purse, she would not find me here as a rival to Mopsy. But what can a man do? We shoot a raven that is carrying gold to her nest. Well, I must humor her, and make use of her garden key to open her strong box. [Exit.

END OF SECOND ACT.

C

ACT

ACT THIRD. SCENE FIRST.

Scene continues from the last act.

Enter LISETTE, who crosses the stage and calls.

Lis. Molkus!

Molk. (*Behind.*) Here!

Lis. (*With a doleful tone.*) Oh, Molkus!

Enter MOLKUS.

Molk. What's the matter?

Lis. (*Still more doleful.*) Oh, dear Molkus!

Molk. Well?

Lis. (*Changing suddenly.*) How d'ye do, Molkus?

Molk. Pretty well.

Lis. Ha! ha! ha! Good day, Molkus.

Molk. Nothing else?

Lis. Is a good day nothing?

Molk. Nothing—if it comes from you.

Lis. Why you *thing*; you *piece* of a man:—bad day to you. The worst day that ever the sun hid his face from!

Molk. Thank you.

Lis. As bad—as that on which you lost your leg.

Molk. That day bad? That was *my* day of honour!

Lis. Ha! ha! ha! Of all the foolish animals in creation, surely that species called man is the most so. A fellow hires himself to be shot at for six-pence a day, which is three pence less than boys give in England to shoot at a cock on Shrove-Tuesday—one day a cannon-ball takes off his leg—that is his day of honor. A foolish girl, who

who sighs for she knows not what, on a day called a wedding-day, bends her neck to the matrimonial yoke, and becomes the slave of a dunce—that is her day of honor. Another, still more foolish, takes the veil and becomes a nun; on a certain day she is decorated for the sacrifice, renounces her reason, her senses, her friends, and the world—and *that* is her day of honor. The first gets a medal, the second a husband, and the third—nothing at all. Thus do the few make fools of the many, and the fools are dismissed, as fools ought to be—with fools-caps.

Molk. What did you call me here for?

Lis. To make a fool of you.

Molk. And that being done—(*Turns solemnly to go.*)

Lis. No, no! not half done yet. (*Turns him about.*) Every man is a fool, is he not, Molkus?

Molk. No.

Lis. Each deriving food for his pride from the weakness of his neighbor. The wooden-leg'd looks down on the straight-leg'd; the straight-leg'd on the crooked-leg'd; and the crooked-leg'd again on the wooden-leg'd. A rondo of pride and folly. Am I not a philosopher, Molkus?

Molk. A chatter-box. (*Going.*)

Lis. Where are you going?

Molk. Away.

Lis. Do you know, then, what I have to tell you?

Molk. No.

Lis. Do you wish to know?

Molk. No.

Lis. But you shall know. My lady orders you to wait here for her. She wants to go out immediately.

Molk.

Molk. Well.

Lis. But it is not well; and these answers are not well. "Away"—"No"—"Well." What answers are these?

Molk. Short ones.

Lis. Your answers are measured by your short leg.

Molk. Yes.

Lis. I'll tell you what—if your head had been shot off as well as your leg, you would have felt the loss as little.

Molk. You are right—if I only spoke with women.

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH and NANNETTE.

M. B. Molkus!

Molk. Here!

M. B. I am going to my mantua-maker's.

Molk. Well.

M. B. You see here a couple of foolish girls?

Molk. Yes.

M. B. If a young man comes to see either of them, do not let him come in.

Molk. No.

M. B. Probably, he will wish to profit by my absence. If he comes, throw him out.

Molk. Out of the door, or out of the window?

M. B. Where you will. I am not particular.

Molk. Well.

M. B. Child, do you read meanwhile in the works of Madam de Beaumont, or Madam de Genlis, pour former le cœur et l'esprit. And Lisette!

Lis. Madam.

M. B. Do you take care of the lap-dog.

[Exit.
MOLKUS

Molkus puts a stool before the door, sits down, takes a short pipe out of his pocket, fills it, takes out steel, &c. strikes fire, and lights the pipe.

Lis. You do not even ask if we like the smell of tobacco.

Molk. No.

Lis. Miss, can't you faint?

Nan. I do not understand that yet, Lisette. I must learn of mama.

Lis. What a charming opportunity this would be to speak to your lover. He is certainly not far off.

Nan. I'm sure he is not—feel how my heart beats.

Lis. How shall we get this blockhead out of the way?

Nan. Give him good words.

Lis. I would rather give them to the lap-dog, for he, at least, wags his tail for them.

Nan. We will try.—Dear Molkus!

Lis. Pretty Molkus!

Molk. What more?

Lis. You sit so uncomfortably there.

Molk. So, so.

Lis. A veteran, like you, who has deserved well of his country, ought to be borne on the soft hands of the fair.

Molk. A wooden leg is worth more than a woman's hand.

Lis. In my lady's chamber stands a soft sofa.

Molk. There let it stand.

Lis. Let us lead you thither.

Molk. Thank you.

Lis. And give you a drop of my lady's choice cordial,

Molk.

Molk. I am not dry.

Lis. You deserve to have your face engraved upon brass for your honesty.

Nan. And put under a glass and frame.

Lis. Then would we hang you under the looking-glass.

Nan. Oh, that you already hung there!

Lis. (*Half aside.*) Or on the gallows.

Nan. Dear Molkus, let me go out on the balcony?

Molk. Dare not.

Lis. To take a little fresh air. We are suffocating with tobacco smoke.

Molk. Very good tobacco.

Lis. Dear Molkus! pretty Molkus! charming Molkus! can you refuse me any thing?

Molk. Yes.

Lis. You block, stock, stick, stone! You mutilated lump of inanimate matter! You stick-beaten drum-head—weather-beaten knapsack——

Molk. So!

Nan. Don't mind her, Molkus——

Molk. I don't.

Nan. You are an honest fellow.

Molk. A'nt I?

Lis. I wish the ghosts of the poultry you have stolen could arise and cackle at you. Do you relish your pipe?

Molk. Yes.

Lis. Take it to the watch-house. (*Knocks it out of his mouth.*)

Molk. (*Takes it up coolly*) If you do that again——

Lis. What then?

Molk. I will pick it up again.

Lis. Dear Molkus, if you will do nothing else for us, at least grow angry.

Molk.

Molk. Anger is like fire—it burns him that bears it.

Lis. Not if he bears it in a heart of stone, my pretty man of marble. In how many battles have you run away?

Molk. Run away?

Lis. Yes, for thou never had'st any motion but in thy lost leg, and then thou wast a notable runner. I will give thee the history of thy creation, and that will account for thy present immoveability.

SONG. LISETTE.

When art made thee man, that is, gave thee man's shape;
Or rather, a form between mastiff and ape;
For thy face she chose brass, and that thing thou call'st head,
She fashion'd it out of a lump of crude lead.

For thy heart she took iron. For flesh, blood, and bone,
She gave thee a carcase of stick, stock, and stone.
Then to nature she went for some feeling to beg,
And obtain'd just sufficient to move one good leg.

That leg thou hast lost; and the mass that is left,
Of feeling, thought, kindness, and motion bereft;
Remains a poor object, deform'd in each part,
By nature rejected, a scandal to art.

Molk. Thank you. I like music when I smoke.

Lis. It is not worth while either to speak or sing to you.

Molk. I like silence, better than either.

Lis. Thou canst neither hear, see, taste or feel.
Thou art only fit to smoke bad tobacco.

Molk. The tobacco is not bad.

Lis. Thou hast not as many senses as an oyster.
(Knocking is heard.)

Molk.

Molk. Does an oyster hear?—Somebody knocks.

Lis. Get up and go out.

Molk. Getting up and going out are two different things. (*He rises and puts his head through the door*)—Who's there?

Harsh voice without. A friend!

Molk. What friend?

Voice. An old invalid, who wants to speak to honest John Molkus.

Molk. Invalid!—Wait a moment comrade.—(*Shuts the door.*) Miss Nannette and you miss Magpye, march to your chamber.

Lis. With all our hearts: we are tired of you and tobacco smoke.

Nan. We will go and see Mopsy.

Lis. Fate has destined us to see nothing better to-day. [*Exeunt Lisette and Nannette.*]

MOLKUS opens the door, and FREDERICK enters as an Invalid, with a wooden leg and several scars on his face.

Fred. Ah ha! Old comrade, how goes it? Don't you remember me?

Molk. No.

Fred. What, have you forgot Georgy Frolic, of the regiment of Steinacker? Don't you remember him?

Molk. Georgy Frolic? hum!—Can't say I do.

Fred. What! Don't you recollect our lying before Prague in the year '57?

Molk. Before Prague? Ah! I shall never forget that. Our regiment encamped on the right of Ziskeberg.

Fred. The Austrians made a sally on the batteries of Strohof.

Molk.

Molk. And Prince Ferdinand of Prussia drove them back!

Fred. How again they attacked us on the side of Wisherad.

Molk. Aye, and how our cartridges took them in flank!

Fred. How the Prince of Lorrain, with 4000 men, attempted to surprize us.

Molk. And how we sent them back with bloody noses!

Fred. O, what a pity that bad weather came on!

Molk. And the Moldau overflowed its banks.

Fred. And carried away our bridges.

Molk. Right, comrade. Yes, you were there!

Fred. I not there! My ears yet tingle with the noise. I could fancy myself still there!

SONG. FREDERICK.

Still in my ears the cannons rattle,
And rouse my blood again to battle.
Hark! 'tis the roll of the hollow drum!
The shrill trumpet sounds!
To death, blood, and wounds!
From their trenches the enemy come!

Now every man at his post is found,
While swords and muskets glitter round.
See 'tis our standard beats the air!
Now the general comes,
The chorus of drums,
The salutes of the squadrons declare!

Now, now! the glorious game's begun!
They run! Too soon the cowards run!
See! where our horsemen charge their rear!
While shouts, cries and groans,
Music, thunder and moans,
With confusion o'erpower the ear!

H

Molk.

Molk. Bravo, comrade! Yes, you were there.

Fred. I there? Was it not our batallion that attacked the Austrians at the wind-mill of Segeshuzen? Thus we stood, and thus we marched towards the wind-mill. (*Marches towards the door.*) Ah ha! Holla within there! Where are the enemy? Peep out of your holes!

Molk. Softly, softly, comrade! That is not a wind-mill. There are ladies living in that room. (*Pulls him back.*)

Fred. Adso! Thank you, comrade. Then I shall wheel about. I would rather attack the Croats.

Molk. Ah! there you think like me.

Fred. If I only hear of a woman, I run—
(*aside*) mad.

Molk. Just like me.

Fred. I would rather lose my other leg than attack a woman's chamber.

Molk. Where did you lose your leg?

Fred. At Kollin.

Molk. At Kollin! Just the spot where I lost mine! (*Looking at his own wooden leg.*)

Fred. Is it possible? (*Looking at his leg in imitation of Molkus.*) Is it possible? Who knows, but both our legs are buried in the same hole?

Molk. Ah! Who knows?

Fred. But come, never mind legs so as the heart is sound. Come, brother, what say you to a drink together for old acquaintance sake. (*Draws out a bottle from his pocket.*)

Molk. With all my heart. To the health of old Fred. (*Drinks.*)

Fred. Long live Fred! (*Drinks and gives the bottle to Molkus.*) Fred's a knowing one.

Molk.

Molk. At Kollin I was one that attacked the church-yard under General Hulsen. (*Drinks.*)

Fred. I was in the brigade of Manstein.

Molk. You had hot work with the Pandours. (*They continue drinking.*)

Fred. Yes. Don't you see this cross scar on my cheek?

Molk. (*Drinks.*) Ah! curse the Pandours.

Fred. I was before Shweidnitz with them when they storm'd the water fort.

Molk. I fought in the trenches before Olmutz. (*Drinks.*)

Fred. I was at Guibau when we were attacked by Laudon as we convoyed the forage.

Molk. But, brother, you look young for one that has seen the whole of the seven-years' war.

Fred. I'm older than I look for, comrade. 'Tis wine gives me this youthful appearance, in spite of time and scars. Drink, damn it, drink! He that would remain young must drink!

Molk. Yes, drink. (*Drinks.*)

Fred. No women and much wine, that's my maxim.

Molk. Yes, much wine. (*Drinks.*)

Fred. I'll give you a song. Meanwhile don't spare the bottle.

SONG: FREDERICK.

Of old it was said, "wit, women, and wine,

Are the sources of man's purest joy."

But believe me the pleasure that's truly divine,

Flows from wine that has known no alloy.

Yes, Bacchus alone is the source of delight!

Let your Vulcan's and Venus's squabble.—

Let Mars blow the coals;—while Apollo so bright,

Finds his wit the sure source of a hobble.

'Tis

'Tis women and wit are the source of all jars;—

Let us link them together for life;

Your would-be-wit woman all happiness mars,

And your wit is the pest of a wife.

But Bacchus is surely the source of delight!

Let your Vulcans and Venus's squabble.—

Let Mars blow the coals;—while Apollo so bright,

Finds his wit the sure source of a hobble.

Molk. (*Drinking.*) Bravo brother! Bravo!
Your songs grow better and better! But where
have you been since the seven-years' war?

Fred. I enlisted with the Hessians, and went to
America.

Molk. What, with one leg?

Fred. Why the Prince of Hesse sold his regi-
ment by the number of men, not by the number
of legs: and, as to myself, I was better fitted to
face a field-piece than ever, for I couldn't lose a-
bove half the number of legs I might have lost at
Kollin.

Molk. Ha! ha! ha! Good! (*Drinks.*) Right!
good!

Fred. Ah! if I had had two legs I should never
have seen my dear native country again.

Molk. How so, comrade?

Fred. Why all our men who could *walk* away
from the sea-coast, took good care not to return
to their ships again.

Molk. Oh, the base villains desert their coun-
try! What could be their inducement?

Fred. They had heard of a little saying very
fashionable among the Americans, handed down
from father to son, ever since the first settlers of
the country took up their abode there to avoid
persecution at home.

Molk,

Molk. What is that, brother?

Fred. "Where liberty is, there is my country."

Molk. Here's to that. (*Drinks.*) But how did you like the sea?

Fred. Oh! it's very wet.

Molk. Indeed!

Fred. Oh! very wet: and drunk, damn'd drunk.

Molk. What, the sea?

Fred. The sea. Drunk! I say drunk! You don't doubt me, I hope?

Molk. Heaven forbid.

Fred. Drunk. For example:—(*Staggering.*) I want to steer this way—the sea—the sea throws me that. Then I would tack about, but I miss stays and a wave casts me upon a rock—and then—(*Staggers against the door and bursts it open.*)

Molk. Ha! ha! ha!—Halt, comrade!—Ha! ha! ha! You are running on a sand-bank.

Fred. I am on already!—Help! help!—Who inhabits the coast?—Help! help!

Molk. Ha! ha! ha!—Don't you remember, comrade, there are no inhabitants there but women?

Fred. Let them come! Let them come! Dam'me, when I have had my bottle, I am not afraid of the best of them! Come out! Who's afraid?

Molk. Bravo! Let them come! I'm not afraid of them now!

Fred. I will give the signal of distress. Piff, paff, puff!

Molk. Ha! ha! ha! Paff, puff, piff!

Both. Piff, paff, puff!

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. What means this noise? Why you drunken wretches, do you think this is a sutler's tent?

Fred.

Fred. (*Aside to her.*) Lisette! Lisette! Don't you know me?

Lis. (*Shrieks.*) Ah! Hush, I know you.

Fred. These wenches are so squeamish.

Lis. Miss, miss, come out quickly.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. What's the matter here?

Lis. Here is a drunken man whom you shall make sober.

Fred. Dearest Nannette, Proteus is in alliance with Cupid, and we play a comedy in masks.

Lis. (*Getting between them and Molkus.*) Well, Molkus, how goes it?

Nan. Is it possible?

Molk. Always upon two legs, my pretty chick-abiddy!

Fred. The moments are precious. I love you unspeakably.

Lis. Is that an old fellow-soldier of yours?

Molk. Aye, girl, we fought side by side at Prague.

Fred. May I interpret that sigh favorably?

Nan. Can I hinder you?

Molk. And our legs now lay side by side at Kollin!

Fred. Will you become my wife?

Nan. My mother will never consent.

Lis. Your legs?

Molk. Yes, buried in the same hole! O, curse the Pandours.

Lis. I never saw a Pandour in my life.

Fred. Trust to love and me, and fly to my arms.

Nan. Against the will of my mother? Never!

Molk.

Molk. They are devils incarnate! But if a pretty girl comes in the way of one of them—like you for example, Lisette——

Lis. Well?

Molk. He becomes as tame as a lamb.

Lis. Ave, I warrant you!

Fred. To-morrow we will implore your mother's forgiveness.

Nan. Those who ask forgiveness, must first have committed a crime.

Molk. Upon the honor of a soldier, you are a fine girl.

Lis. Indeed?

Fred. If you loved me——

Molk. If you loved me——

Nan. Has not my heart betrayed me?

Lis. (*Patting Molkus's cheeks.*) Do you think I hate you?

Fred. Fly with me this night, and to-morrow you are mine forever.

Molk. Don't you hate me, little rogue?

Nan. I am watched by a thousand eyes.

Lis. Who could behold the valiant Molkus with indifference?

Fred. Love blinds them all.

Molk. Is that true? Give me a kiss then.

Lis. Ah! but will you marry me?

Fred. Shall I attempt to carry you off to-night?

Molk. Marry——Ha! ha! ha!——I never was married in my life.

Nan. How will you penetrate through locks and bolts?

Fred. That is my care.

Lis. Only try. We shall live together like turtle-doves.

Molk.

Molk. Turtle-doves! Ha! ha! ha!

Fred. Have I your consent?

Nan. I entrust my innocence to your honor.

Molk. But the kiss—the kiss——

Lis. There—how do you like it?

Fred. (*Embraces Nannette.*) Divine girl! The deposit is sacred!

Molk. (*Seeing them.*) Hallo, comrade!—What the devil! (*Makes a step towards them.*)

Fred. What's the matter, brother? (*Meeting him.*)

Molk. What! Do you take the town by storm?

Fred. The fort is ours!

Molk. Victoria! Let's fire a feu-de-joy! Piff, paff, puff!

M. B. (*Without.*) Take out the horses.

Lis. Heavens! the old woman comes!

Nan. Alas! my mother!

Fred. Whither shall I fly?

Lis. She's at the door!

Molk. Victoria! The old woman comes! Huzza!

Fred. Is the window high?

Lis. Only one story. It looks to the garden.

Fred. Adieu! dear Nannette! (*Jumps on the stool, and from it through the window.*)

Nan. Alas! I am afraid he has hurt himself.

Molk. Huzza! huzza!

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH.

M. B. What noise is that? If the cat is not at home, the mice run over the tables and chairs.

Lis. (*Aside.*) She has forgot the stool.

Molk. Victoria! The old cat has come home. (*Staggers to the window.*)

M. B.

M. B. Molkus!

Molk. Huzza!

M. B. Art thou drunk?

Molk. (*Looking out.*) That fellow with one leg runs like a chamois.

M. B. Who has given him liquor?

Nan. Not I.

Lis. Nor I.

M. B. Molkus, go to bed.

Molk. (*To Lisette.*) Come, my little bride, the old woman says we must go to bed.

M. B. Is the fellow mad?

Lis. To-morrow, dear Molkus, to-morrow.

Molk. Yes, to-morrow the chaplain of the regiment shall come—"John Molkus, wilt thou marry this girl?"—"Yes."—"Lisette, wilt thou marry John Molkus?"

Lis. No.

Molk. "Yes." Now good night, old and young! Cat and kittens! (*Staggeres to the window again.*) Sleep well!

M. B. Where are you going, fellow?

Molk. To see if my comrade is off.

M. B. Comrade?

Molk. Hallo! Georgy Frolick, where are you?

Lis. Molkus, you are wrong; this is not the door—this is the window. (*Pulling him away.*)

Molk. Hallo! comrade.

M. B. What does this mean?

Nan. He is drunk, mama.

Molk. Drunk or not drunk, he stormed the water-fort before Sweidnitz, and consequently—

Lis. Consequently you must go to bed. (*Pulling him.*)

I

Molk.

Molk. Stop. We must fire a feu-de-joy.

Lis. As much as you please out of doors.—

(*Pushes him out.*)

Molk. (*Without.*) Piff, paff, puff! Huzza!
Piff, paff, puff!

M. B. Has any body been here?

Nan. Lisette, has any body been here?

Lis. Not a soul.

M. B. Why did you leave the chamber?

Lis. We heard the coach and ran to meet you, madam.

M. B. How does Mopsy do?

Lis. He slumbers sweetly.

M. B. Come, girls, it grows late. Go to bed.

Nan. Already, mama?

M. B. Yes, yes. Children had better sleep.

Lis. Shall I not undress you first, madam?

M. B. No.

Nan. Shall I not read the evening's prayers to you first, mama?

M. B. No. Go to bed. I shall sit up. It is a fine star-light night, and I understand a little of astronomy. I know the Great bear and Jacob's staff.

Lis. Come, miss, your mama wants to see the Great bear.

Nan. Good night, mama.

M. B. Good night, child—to bed.

Lis. Aye, to bed! to bed!

[*Exeunt Nannette and Lisette.*]

M. B. The hour of trial has nearly arrived. Obedience, Mr. Piffleberg, obedience is the test. If he does not make use of the garden-key, he shall find my heart shut to him forever. Confess it, Salome, thou wishest him to prove worthy of the

the reward; for, alas! she who has seen eight and forty summers—hush—let no one hear it—age has betrayers enough; the tongue need not prove traitor. What is that? Why do the trees rustle so violently under the window? Don't I hear the window move? Yes, I feel by the blowing of the wind that it opens. Should Piffleberg, in order to give me a proof of his affectionate obedience, come through the window!—Oh, delightful thought!—What heart could resist such romantic love? I will listen, however.

Enter FREDERICK through the window, dressed as before, except the wooden leg.

Fred. (Putting his head in first.) Hist! hist! All quiet—All dark—In I come. Where the devil are they all gone already? Here I am again. But what farther? It's so dark, I can't see my hand. The right hand door is the place. Hist! hist!

M. B. Hist! hist!

Fred. (Softly.) Is any body there?

M. B. (With disguised voice.) I am here.

Fred. My beloved?

M. B. Yes.

Fred. Oh, quickly fly to my arms!

M. B. Here, here!

Fred. Where, where? *(He at length embraces her.)* I hold thee in my arms, and no power on earth shall sunder us.

M. B. (Screaming.) Ah! that is not Piffleberg!

Fred. Damnation! this is not Nannette! *(Disengaging himself.)*

M. B. Help! Thieves! Robbers!

Enter

Enter MOLKUS with lights.

Fred. By all the devils, it is the old woman!

Molk. Why, comrade, how did you come by that leg?

M. B. Who are you, fellow? What do you want here?

Fred. (*Embarrassed.*) Long—Madam—I have long—wished the honor of your acquaintance—

M. B. And so you come in through the window?

Fred. If I dared—if my tongue—if I could speak—to you a moment without the presence of a third person.

Molk. As good a leg as ever it was.

M. B. Put down the candles, and leave us.

Molk. But, comrade, where did you get it? Could you not get mine too?

M. B. Go to bed, I command you.

Molk. He has never been to Kollin already. There's witchcraft in it.

[*Puts down the lights, and exit.*]

M. B. Now, sir, we are alone.

Fred. What shall I say to her?

M. B. Come, sir, no loss of time, for I expect to see a gentleman of honor here this evening. I would not have Mr. Piffleberg find me with such a companion.

Fred. Now, my lady, you have yourself named the cause of this my apparently strange intrusion. Mr. Piffleberg is the cause of my coming hither.

M. B. Mr. Piffleberg?

Fred. Yes, madam. Knowing the power which your charms have over one so nearly related to me—

M. B.

M. B. Related to you?

Fred. Yes, my lady, Mr. Piffleberg is my father! My mother was his house-keeper—but, as her charms faded, the cruel man abandoned her, to seek her bread in the wide world with me, pretty babe, at her back.

M. B. She deserved it. What else could she expect for such conduct?

Fred. As I grew up, I entered the service. I fought in Russia against the Turks, and in Flanders against the French. My scars bear testimony to my valor. Meanwhile, my father, notwithstanding my plaintive letters, afforded me neither countenance or support. Accident brought me at length to this town. I heard that my father, in common with all who see your ladyship, had become an adorer of your charms; and encouraged by the celebrity of your benevolence, I resolved to apply to you for your interference in my behalf.

M. B. But why make your application by starlight, and through the window?

Fred. Pardon me, gracious lady, but not daring to hope that I could approach your august presence without introduction, I had made this assignation with Lisette your chambermaid.

M. B. Then it was Lisette you expected to meet?

Fred. Whom else, my lady? She has given me so exalted an idea of your heavenly virtues, that I could not but cherish the hope of your intercession in my favor.

M. B. Well, well, I promise to do something for you. I expect your father—you shall stay and witness—

Fred.

Fred. Oh, no! no, my lady! by no means.— I will owe all to your power, nothing to the emotions which my presence may excite in his paternal heart. I will withdraw.

M. B. By no means, you shall stay—

Fred. Excuse me—my father might—if he sees me so suddenly—

M. B. Fear nothing—Know you not that love leads lions with a chain of silk?

Enter PIFFLEBERG.

Pif. (*Entering.*) Now, where am I? Yhoix! Widow! Thunder and lightning! This is as cold as a duck-hunt.

Fred. Now impudence assist me.

M. B. You are welcome, sir. You have come just in time to answer a few questions concerning your son.

Pif. I?—I a son?

M. B. Aye, indeed, and too clever a young fellow to be thrown without protection upon the flinty world.

Pif. What the devil's all this? Have you set me upon this wild-goose chace only to make a gander of me at last?

M. B. Look here, sir. Look at this youth and blush.

Pif. Blush! What should I blush for? Who is he?

M. B. Your son.

Fred. (*Throwing himself at his feet.*) Yes, my father! Do not stifle the voice of nature. Acknowledge me for your son: Bless your unfortunate Frederick.

Pif.

Pif. Are we playing a comedy here?

Fred. Hitherto it has been a tragedy with me. It is you that can make it a comedy. Bless me, my father! Bless me!

Pif. Are you mad?

Fred. (*Starting up.*) You will deprive me of my senses, cruel father!

M. B. Can you shut your heart against the feelings of nature?

Pif. Why, dam'me, you are both mad!—May my piece miss fire but I smell a fox. This fellow is some knave that wants to make a fool of me, or you—I'll have him seized——

Fred. Do you hear, my lady, he abandons me! Me! the son of his house-keeper, who took care of his kitchen for kindness, and washed all his linen for love! He wishes my misery! he desires my death! Well be it so.—Cruel and unnatural father! To-morrow will they drag my mangled corse from the river! To-morrow will the cry of vengeance arise against thee!——Ha!—See!—It opens!—It blazes!—I see the devil, with his great iron claws!—He seizes me! he pulls! he tugs!—(*Aside as he goes out.*) I'll soon be with ye again my grey-headed goslings. [*Exit.*]

M. B. And so you persist in not acknowledging him? You let him go thus?

Pif. He may go to the devil. The fellow is out of his senses. I did not see it at first, but it is plain enough—The police ought to shut up such lunatics.

M. B. No, no, sir. He spoke very sensibly before you came. Your cruelty has driven him mad.

Pif. Why, widow, you don't believe all that there stuff?

M. B.

M. B. Why not, sir, why not?

Pif. Why, in the first place, I never had any house-keeper, but black Tom the game-keeper; and, in the second place, every body knows I'm as virtuous, as to all that there, as Jupiter de Medecine, or any other goddess of them all.

M. B. Oh! Goths and Vandals!

Pif. Aye, or any Goths or Vandals you are acquainted with.

M. B. You are as barbarous as you are deceitful. I do not doubt that he is your son.

Pif. Because he is a stout handsome fellow, perhaps?

M. B. What reasons could he have for wishing to pass for your son?

Pif. Saint Hubert may know!

M. B. In the first place you are not rich.

Pif. Granted. But I'm an excellent shot, crack!

M. B. Secondly, you have a hard heart.

Pif. By all the elements, my lady, fish, flesh, fowl and red-herring! Would you have a man build a foundling-hospital, to prove that his heart is soft?

M. B. But what advantages could he promise himself from such a plan of deceit?

Pif. I tell you once more, Saint Hubert must know it better than I; but as I'm sure it's a lie, so I am certain there's no truth in it.

M. B. You will talk differently if he throws himself into the water.

Pif. No danger of that.

M. B. If he should be dead to-morrow!

Pif. Then will I be condemned, all my life, to shoot sparrows and dig moles.

M. B. You don't suspect that my chamber-maid knows the young man?

Pif.

Pif. That is not unnatural. Chambermaids will know young men.

M. B. She can unmask your hypocrisy.

Pif. My conscience is as clean as my gun.

M. B. We will try that. (*Opens a door and calls.*) Lisette, are you gone to bed yet?

Lis. (*Without.*) No, my lady.

M. B. Come hither a moment.

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. My lady?

M. B. So, very pretty! you make assignations at night with men! You let young fellows come in through the windows!

Lis. (*Aside.*) So! Now we are hobbled! Oh dear!

M. B. For this time I will pardon you, if immediately, without any subterfuge, you make full confession.

Lis. (*Aside.*) Well, since she knows it, be it so.

M. B. Where did you become acquainted with the young man?

Lis. In this house, my lady—he was so friendly—

M. B. And how do you know that he is Mr. Piffleberg's son?

Lis. (*Surprized.*) Ma'am?

Pif. Out with it! out with it! I will know what it is. I will not suffer that any vagabond from the high-way shall call himself my son.

Lis. Has he, then, himself confessed that this gentleman is his father?

M. B. Certainly, and referred me to you.

K

Lis.

Lis. Since it is so, I must avow that to my certain knowledge, as far as one can be certain in these things, he really and truly is the son of that gentleman.

Pif. The son of the devil!

M. B. There, sir! there, sir! there it is! Perhaps you know his mother? Do you know her, Lisette?

Lis. His mother?—O yes, madam—She is a distant relation of mine.

M. B. Now, sir! Now, Mr. Piffleberg!

Pif. May I be shot dead with peas if there's a word of truth in the whole story.

M. B. Confession and repentance might perhaps have obtained my pardon. But now—what must I think?—Who knows how many more such young fellows run about the world, cursing their father? Who knows how many poor deluded damsels set behind the spinning-wheel, and wet the flax with tears caused by your infidelity?

Enter FREDERICK, as a woman, and veiled.

Fred. (To Piffleberg.) Have I found thee at last, perfidious man? Have I at last found out your tricks, and detected you with your seraglio about you?

M. B. What is this?

Lis. Again, a new scene!

Fred. Is this the reward of my fidelity and constancy? Is this the fulfilment of your oaths?

Pif. Thunder and lightning! Am I in a mad-house?

M. B. Who are you, madam?

Fred. Pardon, my lady, an unfortunate woman, who has been most cruelly deceived. A
thousand

thousand times has he sworn to me eternal love, a thousand times promised to marry me. He gave me this ring as the pledge of his faith. (*Weeps.*)

Pif. Woman, are you possessed with the devil?

Fred. Oh! how different were your words when you sighed at my feet, and persuaded me out of my innocence! Then I was an angel!—

Pif. An angel of darkness!

Fred. (*Sobbing.*) And now you abandon me! Now that your son, my pretty little Billy, is crying at home for bread!

Pif. By all the elements, another child!

M. B. I am petrified.

Lis. So am I—at his impudence.

Fred. I was warned of your intentions upon this lovely lady—I watched you—I saw you sneak through the garden, like a thief—I followed you—

Pif. Woman! I'll tear your infamous tongue out!

M. B. Softly, sir! I take her under my protection.

Pif. I'll have you sent to the house of correction!

Fred. Oh! gracious lady, save a poor unfortunate girl! What shall I do? If I go from hence he will murder me!

Pif. Yes, you goshawk! That I will, you crow-face! you owl!

M. B. Do not be afraid, madam. Go to my daughter's chamber, there you will be in safety.

Fred. Oh! my lady, you are as good as you are beautiful.

M. B. Conduct her in, Lisette. (*Softly.*) And let her out through the back-door.

Lis.

Lis. (*Aside.*) I shall leave my lips without blood from biting them. (*To Frederick.*) Come, madam.

Fred. (*To Piffleberg.*) Farewell, thou tyrant! Thou beloved, too lovely traitor!

[*Exeunt Frederick and Lisette.*]

Pif. Lovely devil!

M. B. Oh, thou hot-blooded monster!

Pif. This comes of being out of one's bed at midnight! This comes of going on a wild-goose chase by star-light! Nothing but sorcery and witchcraft! The devil has let loose all his legions to torment me.

M. B. You will never persuade me that the devil is the father of your children. In short, sir, all is at an end between us.

Pif. Only make enquiries——

M. B. What enquiries? Haven't I seen children of all ages, mothers of all conditions——

Pif. Where? Damn it, where?

M. B. Was not your son Frederick here? Was not the mother of little Billy before me?

Pif. I wish the one was hang'd and the other broke on the wheel.

M. B. Truly that would rid you of the expence of maintaining them.

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. Oh! Oh, my lady! My lady! My lady!

M. B. What's the matter?

Lis. I can't speak.

M. B. Has the woman fallen into a fit?

Lis. She has run away.

M. B. So much the better.

Lis. And carried off the young lady with her.

Pif.

Pif. Yhoix! Tally ho! There you have it!

M. B. What? How? Speak?

Pif. She has carried her off to play with little Billy!

M. B. Speak? How?

Lis. I opened the back-door, as your ladyship ordered, and then she threw off gown, veil, and all—and I saw that it was a man—and I saw how he clasped miss in his arms and flew away with her like wind.

M. B. Who was he? Who was he?

Lis. Indeed, my lady, whether it was Mr. Piffleberg's son, or the old soldier, or the journeyman barber, I cannot say.

Pif. Or the young baron that dressed your hair while he courted your daughter.

M. B. Why did you not cry out?

Lis. I had just opened my mouth, intending to scream for the very blood of me—when he drew out a dagger, and swore he would kill me if I made the least noise in the world.

M. B. Miserable woman that I am! Unhappy mother! Is this the reward of my kind indulgence? What shall I do? My child! my child!

Pif. I told you it was all witchcraft, deceit and the devil!

M. B. Oh! my dear Mr. Piffleberg, if you love me—fly—run—overtake the seducer—chace the robber—

Pif. I'm afraid, widow, that would be another wild-goose chace. Besides, I thought it was all over with us.

M. B. I have done you wrong—forgive an unhappy mother!

Pif.

Pif. Will you marry me if I bring him back?

M. B. Yes, yes.

Pif. You will not insist on my running away with you?

M. B. No, no!

Lis. One elopement will serve for mother and daughter. (*Aside.*)

Pif. It's a bargain! I'll soon be upon his track, and then, in spite of his tricks, I'll drag him out from his form. Yhoix! Tally ho! Tally ho!

[*Exit.*

M. B. Away, Lisette! Call Molkus! Both go in pursuit. Take the watchmen to help! Shut the doors! Run! Fly!—Oh, dear! Oh, I could tear the hair from my head for spite!

Lis. (*Aside.*) Yes, if she had any.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT FOURTH. SCENE FIRST.

Scene, the Hall of the Inn as at first.

Enter NANNETTE, running from Frederick's chamber. FREDERICK follows her.

Nan. No, I will not stay in your chamber.

Fred. Why not?

Nan. I know not why, but my heart tells me, it becomes me not.

Fred. Does this place become you better?

Nan. In this public Hall, where every moment some one is passing, there is no danger.

Fred. What danger is there in my chamber?

Nan. I know not. But if I am there alone with you, my heart beats so—it beats here too, but not so much.

DUET. FREDERICK and NANNETTE.

Frederick.

Sweet girl, fear no danger,
While safe by my side:
To-night my hope's treasure;
To-morrow my bride.

Nannette.

But my heart feels so strangely,
Perhaps 'tis not fear,
Yet it beats, throbs and flutters,
Whenever you're near.

Both together.

Frederick.

Sweet girl, fear no danger,
While safe by my side;
To-night my hope's treasure;
To-morrow my bride.

Nannette.

My heart fears no danger
While safe by your side;
But still it would flutter,
Tho' I were a bride.

Fred.

Fred. Is heart-beating a sin?

Nan. I know not. But I had a governess who used to say, "Abstain from every thing which makes the heart beat or the blood rise in your cheeks."

Fred. I suppose her worn-out heart had not blood enough to spare a blush to her wrinkled cheeks on any occasion.

Nan. I pray you bring a light hither.

Fred. Why?

Nan. You always ask me "why?" And I know not. But something within whispers, "ask him to bring a light."

Fred. And what will that "something" say, if I refuse?

Nan. It will be unquiet and say, "Those who seek darkness will do evil."

Fred. Can one not do evil by the light?

Nan. No. Surely one would be ashamed of oneself.

Fred. But consider, dear Nannette, if there was a light here—but a step from us is your mother's chamber—How easily might we be betrayed!

Nan. O me!—I almost wish I were betrayed.

Fred. You do not love me, then?

Nan. O yes, I love you dearly:—but to be alone together, certainly is not right. I wish it were day-break!

Fred. Your impatience will spoil all. We shall be surprised, you will be torn from me, and then you will be lost to me forever.

Nan. I will be true to you, indeed and indeed!

Fred. Have compassion on my anxiety and come to my chamber.

Nan. Rather into the street, or the market-place.

Fred.

Fred. Strange—lovely girl—surely, after having run away with a man, you may trust yourself in his chamber.

Nan. Have I run away with you? Oh, how foolish I have been!

Fred. Do you repent it?

Nan. Almost. Alas! what will you think of me?—But, indeed, and indeed, it is the first time I ever ran away with a man!

Fred. Sweet girl! I believe it fully.

Nan. You have so surprized me—I know not how it was——

Fred. All uneasiness shall be forgotten to-morrow. I have thought of something which will spare your delicacy. I will conduct you to the bed-chamber of my tutor.

Nan. The bed-chamber of a man?

Fred. Of a man of fifty.

Nan. Whom I don't know.

Fred. I will stay with you.

Nan. But he will be asleep, and so we shall be alone after all.

Fred. Strange girl. There is a lamp burning by his bed.

Nan. And if he should awake?

Fred. Then will I present to him my spouse.

Nan. But it would be better if he would not sleep.

Fred. Well, then, I will wake him.

Nan. Go. Wake him.

Fred. Come with me.

Nan. No, you must wake him, and then he must come and conduct me to his chamber.

Fred. Be it so. But I would not wish to leave you here alone. However it is done in two mi-

I.

nutes.

nutes. Only stir not from this spot, and if any body goes through the hall, hold your breath for fear of discovery. (*Goes into Felix's room.*)

Nan. Oh dear! Hold my breath? I do not know whether I have any breath. I tremble like an aspin-leaf. Why then did my governess say "only the guilty tremble?" My heart tells me that there is no guilt in love.

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH from No. 3.

M. B. I thought I heard a noise. (*Listens.*) No; all is still. How much anxiety this wicked girl gives me. If I once get her again in my power, I will immediately shut her up in a convent.

[*Exit into No. 3.*]

Nan. In a convent? No. I would rather go into the young baron's chamber than into a convent.

Enter FREDERICK and FELIX, the latter with a lamp, and dressed in his morning gown.

Fred. Mr. Felix, my best friend, here is the timid girl.

Fel. Frederick, Frederick! What have you done?

Fred. Rather ask what I will do. I will marry her.

Fel. After what is past, you *must* marry her.

Fred. I'm very glad to hear it; for, dam'me, if I wish any thing better. Turn your lamp—look on her lovely face.

Nan. Dear, unknown gentleman, pity my innocence! be my father!

Fel.

Fel. A father, my child, is more easily deceived than a mother.

Nan. (To *Frederick*.) Do you hear? He reproaches me with deceiving my mother! It pierces my heart! I will return to my mother. She will shut me up in a convent—there I shall weep forever! But here I can never be happy, if good men and my heart reproach me.

Fred. My dear Mr. Felix! listen to the voice of the purest innocence! If ever you loved me, now assist me.

Fel. I pity your weakness, and still more the inexperience of this good girl. I will assist you on one condition.

Fred. I consent to any.

Fel. You must, as soon as the day breaks, throw yourself at her mother's feet, and ask her blessing on your union.

Fred. Willingly.

Fel. Till then I take the young lady under my protection.

Nan. Now my heart feels light again.

Fel. Will you confide in me?

Nan. With joy, you appear so good! I can trust in you and love you.

Fel. Go, then, into this chamber. I will follow you.

Fred. Go, dear Nannette, and sleep a little meanwhile.

Nan. I sleep? Feel how my heart beats. I never was in such a situation but once in my life before——

Fred. How—once?

Nan. Yes—when I had the small-pox; and I could not sleep a wink all night.

[Exit into *Felix's* chamber.]

Fred.

Fred. Do not leave the poor girl alone, sir.

Fel. Only one word more to you, young man. Maiden honor is like polished steel, a single breath takes away its lustre.

Fred. Not the breath of love.

Fel. That more than any other. If you were capable of sacrificing this unspotted lamb——

Fred. Never!

Fel. I hope not. If you should, I would instantly leave you, and call down in anguish the curse of your father!

Fred. To-morrow she is my wife.

Fel. Rather say, when her mother consents.

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH. She comes to the door No. 3. as before, but seeing the light, starts back.

M. B. I still think I hear——Saints and angels!
A ghost! [*Exit.*]

Fred. That was the old woman.

Fel. That voice is not unknown to me.

Fred. I dare say you have heard ravens croak.

Fel. I will go to the trembling girl. Do you remain where you are, and come not in her presence until her mother's consent is obtained. But remember ever,

SONG. FELIX.

Bright is the honor of a maid, than polish'd steel more bright.

A single breath its lustre dims;

The mirror then no longer beams

With smiles of innocence and bland delight.

A damp corroding rust succeeds,

Nor can a life of holy deeds,

E'er make again the tarnish'd surface bright.

[*Exit Felix into his chamber.*]

Fred.

Fred. Obtain her mother's consent ! That will be no easy matter. However, I have possession. —I follow the fashion of crown'd heads ; seize upon the territory they have resolv'd to make their own, and then proceed to negociation. But what am I to do with myself until morning ? I must not go to my bride, and I cannot go to sleep. O ! what is so tiresome as the longing of a lover ? While old father Time, like all other grey-beards, having no consideration for the impatience of youth, creeps on with snail's pace, and if one attempts to give him a lift, it is in vain ; alas ! he is as heavy as a ton of lead. Wishes are useless : impatience is vain : attended by prayers and curses he creeps at length to the point—the lover rushes to the arms of his mistress—and Time—runs away as if the devil was in him ! No stopping him ! No recalling him ! No keeping up with him ! On he goes ! Whip and spur into eternity ! —And sometimes takes love with him !

Enter LISETTE.

Fred. Something stirs. Hist ! hist !

Lis. Hist ! hist !

Fred. It's a woman. I know the sex by instinct. From what charming lips comes that " hist ?"

Lis. Is it you, Baron ?

Fred. It is I. But there are many Barons. Which seek you ?

Lis. Baron Wellinghorst.

Fred. And who are you ?

Lis. Lisette.

Fred. Ah, Lisette, is it you ? Little rogue, come hither that I may kiss you. You have come in the very moment for making time fly.

Lis. Where is my young lady ?

Fred.

Fred. Safe with my tutor. But where are you running at midnight?

Lis. My mistress has sent me to seek you, and Heaven knows what is to become of me when she finds that I have aided you in your rogueries! I cannot think of returning to her.

Fred. Make yourself quiet. At this solemn hour of midnight, when witches ride upon broomsticks and devils dance upon hot grid-irons, do I, vested with a husband's rights, name, appoint, create, nominate and install, you, as chamber-virgin, chamber-maid, lady of the bed-chamber or maid of honor, unto my most honor'd and ever-to-be-loved spouse, from this time and forever, in witness whereof I do hereby, press, kiss and embrace——(*Attempting to kiss her.*)

Lis. (*Pushing him back.*) I will alarm the old lady!

Fred. Take it, take it—only as earnest money.

Lis. It is stolen money. And the receiver is as bad as the thief.

Fred. Take it, child. I coin this kind of cash every minute.

Lis. It is of no value, unless love sets his stamp on it. But without jesting, Baron, I enter your service. It is no more than just, for you have brought me into these difficulties.

Fred. Well, be it so. I will bring you out again.

Lis. But where shall I stay to-night. On the left hand is Hell. (*Pointing to Mrs. Brumbach's room.*) And on the right hand stands Satan. (*Pointing to Fred.*)

Fred. Suppose you steer a mid-course and go into Purgatory until morning? There is the wardrobe, where I dress sometimes. Two old cloaks hang in it on great wooden pegs. In one corner

corner stands an umbrella and in the other a lantern. Will you pass the remainder of the night there?

Lis. Any where rather than with an old woman in a passion.

Fred. Go in, then. I will put a stool in with you, and as soon as the day breaks, Nannette shall redeem you.

Lis. A charming opportunity for repentance. (*Looking in.*) It is as dark as the grave!

Fred. Your eyes will make it light.

Lis. I am no cat.

Fred. There—take the stool and be as quiet as a mouse. Good night—sleep sound. (*Shuts her in.*) Now will I roam about the house, like a ghost that wants his bones buried. Not a mouse that gnaws behind the wainscot, not a cricket that chirps behind the oven, shall escape my notice.

[*Exit*]

Enter MOLKUS.

Molk. I would rather pursue a flying Hussar than a lover that has carried off his mistress. Oh, how my head aches! If I had had a comfortable nap after my wine—but to be running about all night through wind and rain—Oh, how my back aches. My sound leg is tired, and my wooden leg is smeared with mud. I will not run any more on the old woman's wild-goose chace. They may fly to the Desart of Arabia for me, and eat locusts with Saint John. Well, shall I return to the old dragon and report that I have found nothing? That would be to run out of the rain under the water-spout. I would rather encamp here for the night as well as I can. Ah, ha! A chair!

chair! (*Sits in an armed chair.*) Lightning and grape-shot! this is as soft as if it was made for a gouty man. Now, thank heaven! (*Yawning.*) I can only have the gout in one leg. Ah! how warm and comfortable! (*Yawns.*) Ah, ha!—And General Sleep has commenced his attack—I shall yield at discretion.—True it is no bed—but after such hot service.—When I was in the seven-years' war—stood centinel on an out-post—there—leaned on my gun—and nodded—nodded—nod— (*Falls asleep muttering.*)

Enter PIFFLEBERG.

Pif. So! I give it up! Dam'me if all my hounds will catch this hare. He's an old fox—up to all the tricks. Beating about through thick and thin, and what have I got by it? Wet feet—ear-ache—and rheumatism in my arm. I will not go and have my head combed by the widow in the bargain. No, no, there's no sport in that. I had rather stay here till day-light, and strive to nap it a little upon the softest chair I can find. (*Gropes about and finds the chair on which Molkus sleeps.*) So, so! Now we will try if an old sportsman can sleep without rocking after a wild-goose chace. (*Sits.*)

Molk. Oh, the night-mare! The night-mare presses me!

Pif. Thunder and lightning! What's the matter?

Molk. (*Clasping him in his arms.*) I have him, I have him!

Pif. Satan avant! Let me loose!

Molk. The robber is caught!

Pif.

Pif. Saints and angels!—Our father—forgive our sins!—

Molk. Light! Light here!

Pif. Thou art the Prince of Darkness!

Molk. Where is the young lady?

Pif. Paws off, Satan!

Enter FREDERICK as a waiter, with a hump-back, a plaister over one of his eyes, and a light in his hand.

Fred. What's the m-m-matter here?

Pif. Ah! Molkus, is it you?

Molk. Ah! your honor, is it you? I thought it was the thief.

Pif. And I thought it was the devil.

Molk. Why did you sit on my lap?

Pif. I shall choose for the future rather to lay in Abraham's bosom, than to sit in your lap. My limbs tremble yet. I shall always think of the devil when I see you.

Fred. What's the m-m-matter?

Molk. Ha! Who are you?

Fred. The master engaged me b-b-b-but last evening, and if such things go on in the ho-ho-house, the d-d-devil may take it for me. What do you want s-s-s-so late at night?

Molk. I ran after a young lady—

Fred. L-l-limp you m-m-mean.

Pif. Dam'me we might better chace a hare without dogs.

Fred. S-s-suppose I know where she is?

Pif. You!

Fred. B-b-but you must not b-b-betray me.

Pif. Honor, honor.

M

Molk.

Molk. Let's hear.

Fred. The young p-p-people are st-st-still in the house.

Pif. Where, where, my good fellow?

Fred. That room——

Molk. Well?

Fred. Is the dining-room.

Pif. Ah ha!—Well?

Fred. They are—they-they—are not there.

Pif. Go on, go on. Where are they?

Fred. There is the wardrobe.

Molk. Aye!

Fred. They, they, they are n-n-not there either.

Pif. Gun-powder and flints! You booby! do you think we want to know where they are not?

Fred. P-p-pep-patience, patience. Where they are not, they may come.

Molk. So, so!

Fred. I overheard a whispering, and the young ge-ge-gentleman proposed hiding the lady in the wardrobe.

Molk. An excellent place for an ambuscade!

Fred. Bu-bu-but she said, "no, it's t-t-too dark."

Pif. Where did she choose?

Fred. The di-di-dining-room.

Pif. Oh ho! then I have her.

Fred. Bu-bu-but the young ge-ge-gentleman insisted on the wardrobe.

Molk. There then will I stand centinel.

Fred. Bu-bu-but the young lady insisted on the di-di-dining-room. "N-n-n-no," said he. "Y-y-y-yes," said she. "N-n-no." "Y-yes." "No." "Yes." "No." "Yes."—

Pif.

Pif. Thunder and lightning! How did it end?

Fred. Why thus. Now m-m-mark what I say. If you b-b-b-both go to the wardrobe and she does n-n-not come there—

Molk. Why we shall have our trouble for our pains.

Fred. Pe-pe-perfectly right. Bu-bu-but if you b-b-both go into the dining room, and the young lady should go into the wardrobe?

Pif. Then shall we both look like fools in the morning, for having been fools all night.

Fred. Pe-pe-pe-perfectly right—bu-bu-but if one hides here and t-t-t'other there, she cannot escape you.

Pif. Bravo! bravo! Dam'me I have her already!

Fred. Ke-ke-keep her fast.

Pif. Never fear me!

Molk. I take possession of the dining-room.

Pif. Do so; and if I hear that you have started the game, I'll come and join in the pursuit, or be in at the death.

Molk. The plan of operation is complete. The allied army draws a cordon. (*Limps off into dining-room.*)

Pif. Now for the wardrobe. Give me the light.

Fred. B-b-by no means. Will she come in if she sees a light?

Pif. True. But its damn'd dark. I hope there are no more lame devils in the house. (*Goes into wardrobe.*)

Fred. You may chance to meet with a little devil there, Mr. Marksman, who would prove good game if you could bring her down. (*Looks at his watch.*) Three o'clock. Glide, glide away! ye leaden-

leaden footed hours ! Until the blessed minute comes when I shall seize my prize ; and then go as ye will, or quick or dull, I dance my time out with my lovely partner, to the tune of " Merrily through the World."

Enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH from No. 3.

M. B. O dear ! What a terrible night ! Will it never be day ? Blessed be the Author of light, here's a candle ! My good friend, what is the matter with this house ?

Fred. (*Quits the stammering and assumes a gruff short manner.*) House ? Good enough. Better than people.

M. B. I have heard such a continual noise—

Fred. Cats.

M. B. No, no !

Fred. Rats.

M. B. Besides, I have seen a horrible apparition.

Fred. Been looking in the glass,

M. B. Have you heard any thing of my daughter ?

Fred. Why—yes.

M. B. What my good fellow ?

Fred. That she has run away.

M. B. I know that already.

Fred. Who said you did not ? I met her and her lover on the stairs.

M. B. And you did not stop them !

Fred. Am I to stop all I meet on the stairs ?

M. B. But did you not see ?

Fred. What did I see ? A young lady with a young gentleman—such things are not strange at an inn.

M. B.

M. B. But whither went they?

Fred. To tell you the truth, they are in the house yet.

M. B. My good fellow, I will reward you well if you will put me in the way of finding them.

Fred. I will do it—talk of reward afterwards. First, step into the dining-room there.

M. B. Well?

Fred. There you will find, on the left hand, a door; which leads to a long passage; where there is a lamp burning.

M. B. Go on.

Fred. No: it is you must go on, quite to the end of the passage; where you will come to a narrow staircase.

M. B. Well? There I go up?

Fred. No. There you go down:—and at the bottom you will find—

M. B. What?

Fred. Yourself in the stable-yard.

M. B. What under Heaven am I to do there?

Fred. What you please.

M. B. Booby! But where is my daughter?

Fred. Cross the yard, until the cow-stable is on your left hand.

M. B. Fellow! I am not seeking a calf.

Fred. And straight before you, you will see the wash-house.

M. B. Thank you, good lad! she is there!

Fred. Heaven forbid!—but—next to the wash-house—

M. B. Well? Next to the wash-house.

Fred. Is the calendering-room.

M. B. And there she has hid herself?—Ha?

Fred. Perhaps so.

M. B.

M. B. So, so! I will just throw my cloak over my shoulders, and then. *[Exit into No. 3.]*

Fred. So, now let the old woman go on a wild-goose chace—through mud and mire. I have provided for all my friends, and let them play the rest of the game as chance shall direct. *(Puts the light on the table, and exit.)*

Re-enter MADAME VON BRUMBACH.

M. B. So!—What, is he gone? Never mind, I shall find her. Dining-room—long passage—stairs—stable-yard—cow-stable—wash-house—candle-rendering-room. That's right. Shall I take the light or leave it? It is dark in the dining-room, but there is a lamp burning in the passage. I had better steal upon them in the dark and surprize them, as Peter the great did the conspirators.

[Exit into the dining-room.]

Molk. *(After a pause.)* I have her! I have her!

M. B. Help! Murder! Help!

Molk. Your mama will help you! Come along! Come, miss!

Enter MOLKUS, from the dining-room, with the old woman in his arms. He crying out,

I have her! I have her!

M. B. Help! Murder! *(Perceiving him)* Molkus!—What are you about? What are you doing?

Molk. *(Stares at her, and then lets her fall and stands amazed.)* The devil!

M. B. Are you drunk again?

Molk. Don't know. Drunk, or asleep, or bewitched.

Pif.

Pif. (*In the wardrobe.*) I have her! I have her!

Lis. Help! Help! Murder! Help!

M. B. What's that?

Molk. Ah ha! He has her! If the devil don't change her into an old woman.

Enter PIFFLEBERG, from the wardrobe, with LISSETTE in his arms. He crying out,

I have her! I have her! (*Brings her forward.*)

M. B. Mr. Piffleberg, what are you doing with my chambermaid?

Pif. (*Stares at Lisette, drops her, and then stands amazed.*) On a wrong scent, dam'me!

M. B. Very pretty, indeed! What chace have you been on?

Pif. On a wild-goose chace, it seems.

M. B. I am petrified! Did not I send all three of you different ways in pursuit of my daughter? and here I find you all together playing at hide-and-go-seek in the dark. Pray, Mr. Piffleberg, what was you doing in the wardrobe?

Pif. Watching the game, widow.

M. B. Fine game, truly! And you, Molkus, what were you doing in the dining-room?

Molk. In ambuscade.

M. B. And you, you impudent hussey?

Lis. I, I, I, your ladyship?—I wanted to mend the blond lace in which your ladyship tore a hole at the ball.

M. B. To mend blond laces in the dark—very fine! And you, Mr. Piffleberg! Are you not ashamed of yourself? Is this love? Is this friendship?

ship? Instead of pursuing my daughter, here do I find you in a dark corner with my chamber-maid!

Pif. Thunder and lightning! The devil may take you and your daughter too! I am tired of being fooled. The moment I set a foot in your house, all hell is let loose to torment me. One damn'd fellow blinds me with hair-powder—Another calls me his father—Another impostor talks of my little Billy—And now, when I had the young lady fast, she is changed into this pest of a chambermaid! Dam'me the place is worse than a mad-house. No, widow, I'm off. I've chang'd my mind. I am poor to be sure—but rather freedom and a roasted potatoe, than to be loaded with a foolish old woman on one side and a bag of gold on the other! Yhoix! Tally ho! Yhoix! Dam'me, I'm off, crack! [Exit.

M. B. Oh, miserable woman! Every body abandons me!

Molk. Deceived by our spies.

M. B. However, I know where Nannette is hidden. I'll punish her, however.—Molkus!

Molk. Here!

M. B. Take the light and follow me.

Molk. Where?

M. B. Through the dining-room, into the dark passage, down the narrow stairs, into the cow-yard, past the cow-stable and the wash-house into the calendering-room.

Molk. Heaven preserve us! She's mad.

Enter FREDERICK, in his proper dress.

Fred. (Kneeling.) Stay, my lady, and forgive the love which has caused all this confusion.

M. B.

M. B. Who are you, sir?

Fred. The man who has robbed you of your daughter.

M. B. And how dare you——

Fred. Permit me to make reparation. I am Baron Wellinghorst, the heir of an illustrious house——

M. B. And if you were heir to the Emperor of Abyssinia——

Fred. I love your daughter and she loves me.

M. B. I will never forgive you, sir. I will never give my daughter to a man who began with cheating an innocent girl out of her honor, and would bring my—*black* hairs with sorrow to the grave!

Fred. You do me injustice. Nannette is under the protection of an venerable old man, my tutor. He shall be my witness, that your daughter has been honorably treated. (*Starts up and opens Felix's door.*) Come my friend and bride! help me to soften the heart of this obdurate mother!

Enter FELIX, leading NANNETTE.

M. B. Ah! my husband!

Fel. By all the devils, my wife!

M. B. Is it you, Charles?

Fel. Is it you, Salome?

M. B. Are you not dead yet?

Fel. Alas, no!

Lis. A tender scene of meeting.

M. B. Have I not advertised you in all the news-papers?

Fel. Have I not shunned you every where?

Lis. How edifying!

Fred. Is this lady your wife?

N

Fel.

Fel. Alas, yes!

Lis. How touching!

Nan. Is this my father, dear mama?

M. B. Alas, yes!

Lis. How moving!

Nan. (*Embraces.*) Dear father! What unexpected joy!

Fel. Lovely girl! you help me to support the presence of your unhappy mother.

Fred. Now, then, our difficulties end! My friend, I expect my sentence from you.

Fel. Yes, Frederick, the girl is your wife. I know your heart. The wine still ferments, but the quality is good. But, Nannette, you will often be obliged to have patience with him——

Nan. I will have patience, dear papa.

M. B. Well, Charles, you can do as you will with your daughter. As to me, I have procured a divorce.

Fel. I have not one objection. Enjoy my property, and endeavour to be happy. I shall be happy here without it. (*Places himself between Frederick and Nannette.*)

Lis. Molkus!

Molk. Here!

Lis. You wanted to marry me last evening.

Molk. I—was drunk.

Lis. Your intoxication has soon gone off—the baron's may last these four weeks.

FINALE.

Felix.

Let us think that much happiness yet rests in store ;

Hope points and we press to the place :

Joy runs with quick steps and is always before—

We follow—Huzza! to the chace!

Lisette.

Lisette.

The wild-goose chace ended ; again we must start !
Tallyho ! then, huzza ! and away !
The young hounds are coupled as never to part :
The old ones cast off—and cry nay.

CHORUS.

Let us think that much happiness yet rests in store ;
Hope points and we press to the place :
Joy runs with quick steps and is always before—
We follow—Huzza ! to the chace !

THE END.

NOTES

NOTES
ON
THE WILD-GOOSE CHACE.

THE title of this play in the original is *Der Wildfang*, which is equivalent to the English phrase of *The Mad-Cap*. The English reviewers gave *Wild Oats* as their translation of *Wildfang*; and I should have adopted it, had not Mr. O'Keefe preoccupied that title.

Page 9. *Song*.] One acknowledgment will suffice for all the songs. They are added by the translator, who must therefore be chargeable with their faults.

Page 10. *We may know, &c.*] Here eighteen words, including the reference, are added by the translator.

Page 11. *Thus let the pupil, &c.*] Fourteen words are added.

Same page. *Nay, but my good, &c.*] Ten words are added.

Page 12. *Angel's head and swan's, &c.*] Eleven words are introduced in place of the original—"I do not understand you." These may serve as specimens of the freedom with which I have translated this play. To mark every such variation would be trifling and unnecessary.

Page 22. Between the words "*Because your's was so*" and "*But you do not know*," twenty-eight words are added, and the following lines are omitted.

Fel. I do not say so. A man may win at dice or draw a prize in the lottery. But I pray you make not your choice until the romantic fire of youth is exhausted.

Nred. That may be a long time. I have lately seen Iffland's "*Old Bachelor*" represented, and poor *Reinhold* has made such an impression on me, that I am resolved to marry over head and heels.

Fel. You are too young.

Fred. Youth is more easily pleased.

Fel. And more easily disgusted.

Fred. A man may be forty years choosing and not choose well.

Fel.

Fel. You do not know the object of your love. You have seen a book in English binding and do not know its contents.

Fred. Can God have given a bad book so lovely a binding?

Fel. Better an hour of reflection, than a year of repentance.

Fred. Right, dear Mr. Felix; I will prove Nannette with all the caution of a lover.

Fel. That, indeed, is all a lover can promise.

Fred. In the first place, I have written her this letter, in which I tell her that I adore her.

Fel. Oh! the best possible mode of gaining a true knowledge of her.

Fred. If I only knew how to convey the letter to her.

Fel. In time we pluck roses.

Fred. But when the rose is already expanded, there is no time to be lost.

Fel. You have called me your friend. Well, then, make use of my eyes. Love has not varied my vision by putting spectacles on my nose.

Fred. Is love a dealer in spectacles? Or do you think it is better to borrow the microscope from the hypochondriac? He that breaks a man's spectacles is entitled to little thanks for the action."

Page 29. Lisette's soliloquy is added to introduce the song and close the act, as I thought it necessary to divide the first act on account of its excessive length.

Page 30. A few introductory words became necessary, for the above reason, in beginning the second act.

Page 31. *So ho! Dam me the widow's up.*] This speech is added, and it must be acknowledged that more liberty is taken with Piffleberg than with any other of the characters except the Hair-dresser: to represent a sportsman to an American audience, I thought it necessary to make use of the language of an American (or at least an English) sportsman.

Page 42. *Ah ha! mi lady, pardonnez, &c.*] I took the liberty to make my hair-dresser a Frenchman, and in the representation have seen no reason to repent the change.

Page 48. *That's all you are, &c.*] Twelve lines added to introduce the song.

Page

Page 51. *Fools' caps, &c.*] Six lines added.

Page 52. *If I only spoke with women, &c.*] Here the following is omitted:—

“*Lis.* Blockhead, what do men want in the presence of women?

Molk. Every thing but the head.

Lis. And if there were no women, my God, who would put your heads to rights?”

Page 54. *You block, stock, stick, &c.*] Here ten lines are added, and the following omitted:—

“*Lis.* Do but hear, how that most lovely young lady coaxes you?

Molk. And that most lovely old lady growls.

Lis. Is then all in vain?

Molk. All.

Lis. Perhaps you are hungry. Will you have some almond-cakes?

Molk. I eat ammunition-bread.

Lis. Come down into the kitchen, and have a piece of roast-beef to eat with it.

Molk. It is too soon.

Lis. It grows dark already.

Molk. Do you know why?

Lis. Well?

Molk. Because it grows late,

Lis. And do you know why you are a blockhead?

Molk. No.

Lis. Because you are all darkness: night in your head, and midnight in your heart.

Molk. So,

Lis. What is to be done with the blockhead?

Molk. Nothing.

Nan. Thou art an honest fellow, dear Molkus.

Molk. Am I not?

Lis. We may converse without ceremony.

Molk. Without ceremony.”

Page 55. *Run away?*] Here there is a small addition relative to the song, and a trifling omission.

Page 60. *Better and better, &c.*] Here the following is omitted:—

“*Fred.* How came you in this house with women? I would rather be in barracks.

Molk.

Molk. How came I with these women?—I stand centry.

Fred. O fye! You that have guarded the general's tent—and now watch women!

Molk. Why what's to be done, comrade?—In the field we want two legs, in winter-quarters we can do with one.

Fred. (*Feigning drunkenness.*) Think you so?—No, brother; he that meddles with women must have two legs at least.

Molk. (*Really drunk.*) Two tongues you mean."

Same page. *Right! Good!]* Here sixteen lines are added.

Page 66. *Good night, mama.]* Here the following lines are omitted:—

"*M. B.* Go child, and endeavor not to sleep so much. Think on the affront you have received to-day, and you will have sufficient cause for a sleepless night.

Nan. An affront? To me?

M. B. Have you already forgot that impudent fellow and his powder-bag?

Nan. I did not know that an offer of marriage was an affront?

M. B. He marry you?—A boy that has just left school, and a girl that has just left the doll.

Nan. Indeed, mama, he wishes to marry me.

M. B. So!—How know you that?

Nan. I—I—suppose—

M. B. I suppose that you are a fool.

Lis. Marry?—What are you thinking of, miss?—He comes, sees, loves, burns—First a flame, then coals, then ashes. Woe to the girl that makes an ash-pit of her heart.

M. B. Right, Lisette! explain this chapter to her as you go to bed."

Same page. *The hour of trial, &c.]* I have shortened this soliloquy.

Page 98. *Your daughter.]* The original play concludes thus:—

"*M. B.* But if you think that I will ever be your wife again, you are very much mistaken. I have had you cited in all the newspapers, and you are divorced from me, formally, as having been guilty of what the lawyers call
a malicious

a malicious desertion. The high-consistory have written twelve sheets full about it, and put a great seal under it.

Fel. I have not the least objection. Marry if you please three husbands more, and be three times more divorced. What you possess of my property you may keep, for the sake of the lovely daughter you have given me.

M. B. We can meet in company with politeness.

Fel. O yes.

M. B. And I shall never mention what I have suffered for your sake.

Fel. Nor I.

M. B. Then, mes chers enfans, I will no longer withhold my blessing.

Fel. God bless ye! And, with tears in my eyes, do I conjure you to take no example from your parents.

Fred. Dearest Nannette, you are mine!

Nan. Dear father!

Fel. For the present, children, you must separate. You, Nannette, go with your mother; and you, Frederick, come with me.

Nan. I am not at all sleepy.

Fred. Nor I.

Fel. To-morrow, children, to-morrow shall your wishes be crowned. Good night, madam.

M. B. Good night, sir.

Fred. Sleep well, dear Nannette.

Nan. Sleep well, dear Frederick.

Fel. and M. B. make reciprocal bows and curtsies.

Fred. and Nan. kiss their hands to each other.

[*Exeunt.*]

Molk. A curious incident.

Lis. Well, Molkus, you wished yesterday evening to marry me.

Molk. I was drunk.

[*Exit.*]

Lis. (*Alone.*) So! And is not the young gentleman also drunk? Aye, aye; I am afraid that in four weeks he will awake quite sober." 4 AP 54

FINIS.

